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Sermons, by Hugh Blair, D. D. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University, of Edinburgh. vol. 2d. 5s. 8vo. sewed. Cadell.

[Continued from page 228.]

AS a farther specimen of these excellent sermons, we shall present our readers with an extract from the beginning of the seventh discourse—ON THE PROPER ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE. Ecclesiastes xii. 8. *Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.*

"No serious maxim has been more generally adopted than that of the text. In every age, the vanity of human life has been the theme of declamation, and the subject of complaint. It is a conclusion in which men of all characters and ranks, the high and the low, the young and the old, the religious and the worldly, have more frequently concurred than in any other. But how just soever the conclusion may be, the premises from which it is drawn are often false. For it is prompted by various motives, and derived from very different views of things. Sometimes the language of the text is assumed by a sceptic who cavils at Providence, and censures the constitution of the world. Sometimes it is the complaint of a peevish man who is discontented with his station, and ruffled by the disappointment of unreasonable hopes. Sometimes it is the style of the licentious, when groaning under miseries in which their vices have involved them. Invectives against the vanity of the world which come from any of these quarters deserve no regard; as they are the dictates of impiety, of spleen, or of folly. The only case in which the sentiment of the text claims our attention, is when uttered, not as an asperson on Providence, or a reflection on human affairs in general; not as the language of private discontent, or the result of guilty sufferings; but as the sober conclusion of a wise and

good man concerning the imperfection of that happiness which rests solely on worldly pleasures. These, in their fairest form, are not what they seem to be. They never bestow that complete satisfaction which they promise; and therefore he who looks to nothing beyond them, shall have frequent cause to deplore their vanity.

" Nothing is of higher importance to us as men and as Christians, than to form a proper estimate of human life, without either loading it with imaginary evil, or expecting from it greater advantages than it is able to yield. It shall be my business, therefore, in this discourse, to distinguish a just and religious sense of the vanity of the world from the unreasonable complaints of it which we often hear. I shall endeavour, I. To shew in what sense it is true that all earthly pleasures are vanity. II. To inquire how this vanity of the world can be reconciled with the perfections of its great Author. III. To examine whether there are not some real and solid enjoyments in human life which fall not under this general charge of vanity. And, IV. To point out the proper improvement to be made of such a state as the life of man shall appear on the whole to be.

" I. I AM to shew in what sense it is true that all human pleasures are vanity. This is a topic which might be embellished with the pomp of much description. But I shall studiously avoid exaggeration, and only point out a threefold vanity in human life which every impartial observer cannot but admit; disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment, uncertainty in possession.

" First, disappointment in pursuit. When we look around us on the world, we every where behold a busy multitude, intent on the prosecution of various designs which their wants or desires have suggested. We behold them employing every method which ingenuity can devise, some the patience of industry, some the boldness of enterprise, others the dexterity of stratagem, in order to compass their ends. Of this incessant stir and activity, what is the fruit? In comparison of the crowd who have toiled in vain, how small is the number of the successful? Or rather, where is the man who will declare that in every point he has completed his plan, and attained his utmost wish? No extent of human abilities has been able to discover a path which, in any line of life, leads unerringly to success. *The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding.* We may form our plans with the most profound sagacity, and with the most vigilant caution may guard against dangers on every side. But some unforeseen occurrence comes across which baffles our wisdom, and lays our labours in the dust.

" Were such disappointments confined to those who aspire at engrossing the higher departments of life, the misfortune were less. The humiliation of the mighty, and the fall of ambition from its towering height, little concern the bulk of mankind. These are objects on which, as on distant meteors, they gaze from afar, without drawing personal instruction from events so much

above

above them. But, alas! when we descend into the regions of private life, we find disappointment and blasted hope equally prevalent there. Neither the moderation of our views, nor the justice of our pretensions, can ensure success. *But time and chance happen to all.* Against the stream of events both the worthy and the undeserving are obliged to struggle; and both are frequently overborne alike by the current.

" Besides disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment is a farther vanity to which the human state is subject. This is the severest of all mortifications, after having been successful in the pursuit, to be baffled in the enjoyment itself. Yet this is found to be an evil still more general than the former. Some may be so fortunate as to attain what they have pursued; but none are rendered completely happy by what they have attained. Disappointed hope is misery; and yet successful hope is only imperfect bliss. Look through all the ranks of mankind. Examine the condition of those who appear most prosperous; and you will find that they are never just what they desire to be. If retired, they languish for action; if busy, they complain of fatigue. If in middle life, they are impatient for distinction; if in high stations, they sigh after freedom and ease. Something is still wanting to that plenitude of satisfaction which they expected to acquire. Together with every wish that is gratified, a new demand arises. One void opens in the heart, as another is filled. On wishes, wishes grow; and to the end, it is rather the expectation of what they have not, than the enjoyment of what they have, which occupies and interests the most successful.

" This dissatisfaction in the midst of human pleasure springs partly from the nature of our enjoyments themselves, and partly from circumstances which corrupt them. No worldly enjoyments are adequate to the high desires and powers of an immortal spirit. Fancy paints them at a distance with splendid colours; but possession unveils the fallacy. The eagerness of passion bestows upon them at first a brisk and lively relish. But it is their fate always to pall by familiarity, and sometimes to pass from satiety into disgust. Happy would the poor man think himself if he could enter on all the treasures of the rich; and happy for a short while he might be. But before he had long contemplated and admired his state, his possessions would seem to lessen, and his cares would grow.

" Add to the unsatisfying nature of our pleasures the attending circumstances which never fail to corrupt them. For, such as they are, they are at no time possessed unmixed. To human lips it is not given to taste the cup of pure joy. When external circumstances show fairest to the world, the envied man groans in private under his own burden. Some vexation disquiets, some passion corrodes him; some distress, either felt or feared, gnaws, like a worm, the root of his felicity. When there is nothing from without to disturb the prosperous, a secret poison operates

within. For worldly happiness ever tends to destroy itself, by corrupting the heart. It fosters the loose and the violent passions. It engenders noxious habits; and taints the mind with a false delicacy, which makes it feel a thousand unreal evils.

“ But put the case in the most favourable light. Lay aside from human pleasures both disappointment in pursuit, and deceitfulness in enjoyment; suppose them to be fully attainable, and completely satisfactory; still there remains to be considered the vanity of uncertain possession and short duration. Were there in worldly things any fixed point of security which we could gain, the mind would then have some basis on which to rest. But our condition is such, that every thing wavers and totters around us. *Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.* It is much if, during its course, thou hearest not of somewhat of disquiet or alarm thee. For life never proceeds long in an uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events. The seeds of alteration are every where sown; and the sunshine of prosperity commonly accelerates their growth. If your enjoyments be numerous, you lie more open on different sides to be wounded. If you have possessed them long, you have greater cause to dread an approaching change. By slow degrees prosperity rises; but rapid is the progress of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward. The edifice which it cost much time and labour to erect, one inauspicious event, one sudden blow, can level with the dust. Even supposing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliss must still be transitory; for man changes of himself. No course of enjoyment can delight us long. What amused our youth loses its charm in maturer age. As years advance, our powers are blunted, and our pleasurable feelings decline. The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, till at length the period comes when all must be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. *Our days are as a hand-breadth, and our age is as nothing.* Within that little space is all our enterprise bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and strife. We project great designs, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfinished, and sink into oblivion.

“ This much let it suffice to have said concerning the vanity of the world. That too much has not been said, must appear to every one who considers how generally mankind lean to the opposite side; and how often by undue attachment to the present state, they both feed the most sinful passions, and *pierce themselves through with many sorrows.* Let us proceed to enquire,

“ II. How this vanity of the world can be reconciled with the perfections of its divine Author. This enquiry involves that great difficulty which has perplexed the thoughtful and serious in every age; if God be good, whence the evil that fills the earth? In answer to this interesting question, let us observe,

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"In the first place, that the present condition of man was not his original or primary state. We are informed by divine revelation, that it is the consequence of his voluntary apostacy from God and a state of innocence. By this, his nature was corrupted; his powers were enfeebled; and vanity and vexation introduced into his life. All nature became involved in the condemnation of man. The earth was cursed upon his account, and the whole creation made to *groan and travail in pain*.

"How mysterious soever the account of this fall may appear to us, many circumstances concur to authenticate the fact, and to show that human nature and the human state have undergone an unhappy change. The belief of this has obtained in almost all nations and religions. It can be traced through all the fables of antiquity. An obscure tradition appears to have pervaded the whole earth, that man is not now what he was at first; but that, in consequence of some transgression against his great Lord, a state of degradation and exile succeeded to a condition that was more flourishing and happy. As our nature carries plain marks of perversion and disorder, so the world which we inhabit bears the symptoms of having been convulsed in all its frame. Naturalists point out to us every where the traces of some violent change which it has suffered. Islands torn from the continent, burning mountains, shattered precipices, uninhabitable wastes, give it all the appearance of a mighty ruin. The physical and moral state of man in this world mutually sympathize and correspond. They indicate not a regular and orderly structure either of matter or of mind, but the remains of somewhat that once was more fair and magnificent. Let us observe,

"In the second place, that as this was not the original, so it is not intended to be the final state of man. Though in consequence of the abuse of the human powers, sin and vanity were introduced into this region of the universe, it was not the purpose of the Creator that they should be permitted to reign for ever. He hath made ample provision for the recovery of the penitent and faithful part of his subjects, by the merciful undertaking of that great restorer of the world, our Lord Jesus Christ. By him *life and immortality were both purchased and brought to light*. The new heavens and the new earth are discovered, wherein *dwelleth righteousness*; where, through the divine grace, human nature shall regain its original honours, and man shall return to be what once he was in Paradise. Through those high discoveries of the Gospel, this life appears to good men only in the light of an intermediate and preparatory state. Its vanity and misery, in a manner, disappear. They have every reason to submit without complaint to its laws, and to wait in patience till the appointed time come for *the restitution of all things*. Let us take notice.

"In the third place, that, a future state being made known, we can account in a satisfying manner for the present distress of human

human life, without the smallest impeachment of divine goodness. The sufferings we here undergo are converted into discipline and improvement. Through the blessing of Heaven, good is extracted from apparent evil; and the very misery which originated from sin is rendered the means of correcting sinful passions, and preparing us for felicity. There is much reason to believe that creatures as imperfect as we are, require some such preliminary state of experience before they can recover the perfection of their nature. It is in the midst of disappointments and trials that we learn the insufficiency of temporal things to happiness, and are taught to seek it from God and Virtue. By these the violence of our passions is tamed, and our minds are formed to sobriety and reflection. In the varieties of life, occasioned by the vicissitude of worldly fortune, we are inured to habits both of the active and the suffering virtues. How much soever we complain of the vanity of the world, facts plainly show that if its vanity were less, it could not answer the purpose of salutary discipline. Unsatisfactory as it is, its pleasures are still too apt to corrupt our hearts. How fatal then must the consequences have been, had it yielded us more complete enjoyment? If, with all its troubles, we are in danger of being too much attached to it, how entirely would it have seduced our affections, if no troubles had been mingled with its pleasures?

“These observations serve in a great measure to obviate the difficulties which arise from the apparent vanity of the human state, by showing how, upon the Christian system, that vanity may be reconciled with the infinite goodness of the Sovereign of the Universe. The present condition of man is not that for which he was originally designed; it is not to be his final state; and during his passage through the world, the distresses which he undergoes are rendered medicinal and improving. After having taken this view of things, the cloud which, in the preceding part of the discourse, appeared to sit so thick upon human life begins to be dissipated. We now perceive that man is not abandoned by his Creator. We discern great and good designs going on in his behalf, and, we are allowed to entertain better hopes.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides; in which are contained, Observations on the Antiquities, Language, Genius, and Manners of the Highlanders of Scotland. By the Reverend Donald M^cNicol, A. M. Minister of Lismore in Argyllshire. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Cadell.

The Journey, on which our author animadvertes with so much spleen and freedom, was noticed in the first volume of our

our Review. There we gave our opinion, on the whole, that the lovers of Travels, Journeys, and Voyages, would find but little amusement in the Doctor's performance; and that he had modestly owned the truth, in the conclusion of his work, by saying, that 'he was conscious his thoughts on national manners were the thoughts of one who had seen but little.'

With regard to the *late* appearance of these Remarks, Mr. McNicol, in an Advertisement prefixed to the work, gives us the following reasons:

"The following sheets," says he, "were written soon after Doctor Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides' was printed. But as the writer had never made his appearance at the bar of the public, he was unwilling to enter the lists with such a *powerful* antagonist, without previously consulting a few friends. The distance of those friends made it difficult to procure their opinion, without some trouble and a great loss of time: besides, the author was not so fond of his work as to be very anxious about its publication.

"He is, however, sensible that the publication, if it was at all to happen, has been too long delayed. Answers to eminent writers are generally indebted, for their sale and circulation, to the works which they endeavour to refute. Unfortunately Doctor Johnson's 'Journey' has lain dead in the library for some time past. This consideration is so discouraging, that the writer of the Remarks *expects little literary reputation*, and less profit, from his labours. But as he had gone so far, he was induced to go further still, were it for *nothing more* than the *ambition* of sending his work to *sleep*, on the same shelf, with that of the learned Doctor Johnson."

As Dr. Johnson's 'Journey,' according to our author's own testimony, *has lain dead in the library for some time past*, he ought not to have *disturbed its repose*, nor treated the ashes of the dead with so much disrespect and inhumanity. In this case, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, ought to have tempered his malice, or restrained his asperity.

The epithets introduced by Mr. McNicol in his Remarks, are, for the most part, harsh and illiberal. This he virulently condemns in the Doctor, but seems not to be aware that he lies under the same condemnation. He talks loudly of the Doctor's *scurrilities*, but, we think, his own are by no means inferior. To say the truth, an abundance of *filth and dirt* is thrown on *both* sides.

Mr. McNicol asserts that the Doctor embraced every opportunity to inculcate the poverty of the Scotch. "This," says he, "seems to be a rich topic to him." Here, in vindication of the Doctor, we shall inform Mr. McNicol, that

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a *character* of Scotland was given, prior to the 'Journey,' in the following *striking* lines.

' Whoe'er he is, desires to see
A barren land, without a tree,
The rankest beggary and pride,
As close as nits and lice ally'd,
Be poison'd when he eats and drinks,
Or flavour'd with all kinds of stinks ;
Whoe'er would bite, or wou'd be bit,
Would get the itch, or be be—t,
Let him to Scotland but repair,
He'll find all these *perfections* there.'

Our author's *ambition* of sending his work to sleep on the same shelf with that of the learned Doctor Johnson, recalls to our memory the conduct of a student at one of our universities, who being deficient in point of learning, could not undergo the examination requisite for his degree. In consequence of this deficiency he was *plucked*, but summoning up his fortitude he coolly and deliberately answered his consoling friends, as an alleviation of the *miscarriage*, that 'Dean Swift was plucked before him.' To sleep on the shelf for a time, forbodes a disagreeable removal,

—In vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

However, to come to the point, and do Mr. McNicol justice, we confess, that most of his remarks are acute and ingenious : and had they not abounded with so much personal invective, they would have been more likely to engage the attention of the public, and please the taste of judicious readers.

Doctor Johnson had asserted in his 'Journey,' that Scotland was conquered by *Cromwell*. But contrary to this, our author says, that a man must have little knowledge of facts, or still less honesty, who can gravely advance such an opinion, for adds he, "it is well known to every person who is in the least acquainted with history, that Scotland has never been conquered. The country has been often invaded, and its armies have been sometimes defeated, but it never yet has submitted to a foreign yoke.

"To reduce Scotland was an attempt that defied the whole power of the Roman empire, even at the height of its glory. The Danes, who made so easy a conquest of England, acquired nothing but death and graves in Scotland ; and the united fraud, force, and perseverance

perseverance of Edward I. and some of his successors, though always assisted by a powerful faction in the country, could never subdue the spirit of a people who were determined to be free, and disdained the control of an usurper."

But in order to clear up this matter, Mr. M^cNicol desires the Doctor to look back and see what antiquity says on the subject, and then cites passages from Ammianus Marcellinus, and Dio, whom he calls the most candid and unexceptionable of the Roman historians.

In the course of the work Mr. M^cNicol, in answering Dr. Johnson's charge of *ignorance* and *barbarity* in the Scots, traces out anecdotes to convince him that civilization did not begin early in England. He calls (p. 92) the Doctor's Dictionary the *perverter* of the English language. From this assertion we must beg leave to dissent; for we really look on that performance as an exceeding useful and laborious undertaking, executed with judgment. *T. Scaliger*, who was no stranger to the fatigue of *Lexicography*, hath left the following epigram on *Lexicographers*, supposed to have been written after he had finished his Index to the Thesaurus of Gruterian inscriptions:

Si quem dura manet sententia iudicis olim
 Damnatum ærumnis supplicisque caput,
 Hunc neque fabrilis lassent ergastula mæsta,
 Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus.
Lexica contextat; nam cætera quid moror? Omnes
 Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.

As Mr. M^cNicol informs us, that the origin of Doctor Johnson's Tour to Scotland, may be dated from the first appearance of Ossian's Poems in public, and that they excited the *odium* he bears to every thing that is Scotch, we shall lay before our readers his sentiments on that subject; and this we are the more inclined to do, as we gave Doctor Johnson's opinion of the Poems in the above mentioned Review.

But here our author premises that he will not, as on other occasions, quote the particular objections of the Doctor, and answer them one by one; but continue the thread of observation, without any interruption, and with as little personal application as possible. The malignity of a few others, the prejudices of several, and the weakness of many, have suggested similar objections to the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, but these, our author endeavours to obviate upon the same general ground.

"The concurrent testimony of a whole people, and the evidence of many respectable individuals, laid before the public by that elegant writer and respectable clergymen, Dr. Blair, have been found incapable, it seems, to satisfy the minds of men, who are unwilling to give credit to any thing calculated to reflect honour on the ancestors of the *Scotch* nation. To persuade such men of the truth of any fact, which they are resolved not to believe, is beyond my wish, as well as my expectation. But as many candid and well-meaning persons have been seduced into an error, by the bold assertions of the incredulous, I shall examine in a succinct manner, the objections on which they found their want of faith.

"Some derive an objection to the authenticity of *Ossian's* poems, from an alledged superciliousness in Mr. *Macpherson*, in refusing satisfaction on that head, to every writer, with or without a name, who chooses to demand that satisfaction at the bar of the public. Though I am told that superciliousness is no part of Mr. *Macpherson's* character, I think he has a right to assume it on such occasions. To answer the queries of the prejudiced would have no effect; and there can be no end to solving the difficulties started by the ignorant. The most loud and clamorous are generally those who are least entitled to satisfaction; and were Mr. *Macpherson* to descend into a controversy, upon a mere matter of fact, he would in a manner, leave truth to the decision of sophistry.

"Mr. *Macpherson* has done all that could, or ought to be expected. He has never refused the examination or perusal of his manuscripts to persons of taste and knowledge in the *Celtic* language. These are the best, if not the only judges of the subject; and as these are perfectly satisfied as to the authenticity of the poems, Mr. *Macpherson* has a right to be totally indifferent to the incredulity of others.

"To extend the opportunity of judging for themselves, to such as are conversant in the language of the ancient *Scots*, and yet have no opportunity of examining Mr. *Macpherson's* originals, he has published the seventh book of *Temora*. He went further: he published proposals for printing *all* the poems by subscription; but as no subscribers appeared, he justly took it as the sense of the public, that the authenticity, as being a matter of such general notoriety, was absolutely and decisively admitted.

"The specimen, which the translator has published, carries to my mind, and, I trust, I have some right to form a judgment on such subjects, a thorough conviction, that the seventh book of *Temora* is not of Mr. *Macpherson's* composition. If it had been of his own composition, how could he mistake the meaning of a passage in it, as it is evident he has done? To every Highlander, to every man of candour in any country, this is a decisive truth of the authenticity of the poems. Neither the bold assertions of the prejudiced, nor all the sophistry of criticism, can persuade the world, that any man can mistake the meaning of what he has written himself.

"But

" But though the poems of *Osian* bear every internal mark of originality, though they convey no ideas, exhibit no ornaments, contain no sentiments, which are not peculiarly *Celtic*, according to the accounts we have received of Celtic manners from the ancients, we, the natives of the Highlands, and *we* certainly must be allowed to be the best judges of the matter, do not found their authenticity on internal proofs. Every man of enquiry, every person of the least taste for the poetry, or turn for the antiquities of his country, has heard often repeated some part or other of the poems published by Mr. *Macpherson*. Hundreds still alive have heard portions of them recited, long before Mr. *Macpherson* was born; so that he cannot possibly be deemed the author of compositions, which existed before he had any existence himself.

" It is true there is no man now living, and perhaps there never has existed any one person, who either can or could repeat the whole of the poems of *Osian*. It is enough, that the whole has been repeated, in detached pieces, through the Highlands and Isles. Mr. *Macpherson's* great merit has been his collecting the *disjecta membra poetæ*, and his fitting the parts so well together, as to form a complete figure. Even the perfect symmetry of that figure has been produced, as an argument against its antiquity. But arguments are lost, and facts are thrown away, upon men, who have *predetermined* to resist conviction itself.

" In vain has it been alledged, that the age of hunting, in which the *Fingalians* are said to have lived, cannot be supposed to have cultivated poetry. This objection is started by men, who are more acquainted with books than human nature. But had they even consulted their books, they might have received a complete answer to their objection. The *Scandinavians*, who lived in a country at most as unfit for pasture as for the plough, excelled in the beautiful and sublime of poetry. Their war songs, their funeral elegies, and their love sonnets, convey more lofty ideas of magnanimity, melancholy, and tenderness, than the most laboured compositions of Greece and Rome, on the same subjects. The allusions are few and simple; but they are calculated to impress the mind with that "glow of feeling" which springs only from genuine poetry.

" Are the *Indians* of America any more than mere hunters? Yet who can deny them a claim to the possession of poetry? Their whole language seems to be, as it were, *infected* with poetical metaphor. Their orations at their congresses, upon matters of business, are all in the poetical style. They resemble more the speeches in the *Iliad* than those dry syllogistical disquisitions, which have banished all the beautiful simplicity of eloquence from modern public assemblies.

" Besides, is there any person acquainted with the natives of the Highlands, who does not know that such persons as are most addicted to hunting, are most given to poetry? One of the best songs preserved in *Macdonald's* collection of *Gaelic* poems, is altogether on the subject of hunting, and the date of its composition is so old,

that it lies beyond the reach of tradition itself. The solitary life of a hunter is peculiarly adapted to that melancholy, but spirited and magnificent turn of thought, which distinguishes our ancient poetry.

"But it is not necessary to consider the *Fingalians* as mere hunters. We frequently find in *Osian's* poems allusions to flocks and herds; and a pastoral life has been universally allowed to have been peculiarly favourable to the muse. I could never see, for my own part, any reason for supposing that agriculture itself was unknown in the days of *Osian*, though it is not mentioned in his poems. With a contempt for every thing but the honour acquired by the sword, he perhaps considered the plough as too mean an instrument to be alluded to in compositions chiefly intended to animate the soul to war.

"The dignified sentiments, the exalted manners, the humanity, moderation, generosity, gallantry, and tenderness for the fair sex, which are so conspicuous in the poems of *Osian*, have been brought as arguments against their authenticity. These objections, however, proceed either from an ignorance of history, a want of knowledge of human nature, or those confined notions concerning the character of ages and nations, which are too often entertained in certain universities. With the literature of Greece and Rome, they imbibe such an exalted idea of classic character, as induces them to consign to ignorance and barbarism, all antiquity beyond the pales of the Greek and Roman empires.

"But had they consulted the history of other nations, they might find that the want of refinement, which is called barbarism, does not absolutely prove the want of noble and generous qualities of the mind. The powers of the soul are in every country the same. Why then should not the Celtic *druid* be as capable of impressing useful instruction on the followers of his religion, as the bare-footed *Selli*, * who sacrificed to Jupiter on the cold top of *Donona*? Or, by what prescription has the neighbourhood of *Hellsfont* a right to sentiments more exalted than those of the chieftain who inhabits the coast of the *Vergivian* ocean? Have not many nations, who have been called barbarians, excelled the Romans in valour, and in that most exalted of all virtues, a sincere love for their country?

"Have not even the *Canadians* of North America, with fewer opportunities of improvement than the *Fingalians*, been found to possess almost all the virtues celebrated in the poems of *Osian*? † Why therefore should we deny to the ancient *Caledo-*

* The *Selli* were certainly as unpolished as any *druid* in the most barbarous and sequestered parts of the Highlands and Scottish Isles.

— — — — — Αμφι δε Σελλοι
Σοι ναιεσ' υποφῆλαι ἀνιπτοποδες, χαμαιεῦνας.

Iliad xvi. v. 234, 235.

† Abbe de Raynal, Tom. 4.

means what we cannot refuse to the modern neighbours of the *Esquimaux*?

"The truth is, that the resemblance at least, of all the virtues contained in the poems of *Osian*, and which are probably exaggerated in the usual manner of poetry, still remains in the Highlands of Scotland. The valour of the *Highlanders* is allowed by their greatest enemies; and the most prejudiced cannot accuse them of cruelty. Battle seems always to have been more the object, than the rewards of victory. In the social virtues, the lowest Highlander is not, even in this age, deficient.

"In ancient times, the *Highlanders* had much better opportunities to learn exalted sentiments, if such *must* be learnt, than in later ages. The most prejudiced of our opponents will allow, that refinement is in every country, in a certain degree, an inseparable appendage of a court. In the days of *Fingal*, and for many ages after him, the Highlands were the seat of government. After the extinction, or rather the conquest of the *Picts*, the kings of the *Scots* fixed their residence in the low country. When the southern parts of Scotland were wrested from the *Saxons* and *Danes*, an extension of territory and the danger of a southern enemy carried the seat of government still further from the *Highlanders*. This circumstance had certainly its weight in depriving the posterity of the *Fingalians* of some part of that exalted character, which distinguished their ancestors. But their retaining still so many of the virtues celebrated by *Osian*, is certainly a good argument, that those virtues might have existed in their perfection, in more favourable times.

"But there is little occasion for speculative reasoning on a matter which is so well established by fact. A whole people give their testimony to the existence of the poems of *Osian*; and gentlemen of the first reputation for veracity, and a capacity to judge of the subject, have long ago permitted their names to be given to the public, as vouchers for many parts of the collection published by Mr. Macpherson. Many more are ready to join their testimony to that already given to the world. The truth is, that even the defending a matter of such notoriety, is the most plausible argument that the prejudiced could have brought against the authenticity of the poems.

"To put the matter beyond the contradiction of the prejudiced, and the unbelief of the most incredulous, I am glad to be able to inform the public, that the whole of the poems of *Osian* are speedily to be printed in the original *Gaelic*. In vain will it be said by Doctor *Johnson* and others, who have manifestly resolved not to believe the authenticity of the poems, that the same man who could invent them in English, might clothe them in a *Celtic* dress. To this, I answer, that it would be impossible for any person, let his talents be ever so great, to impose a translation, for an original, on any critic in the *Gaelic* language.

Doctor *Johnson* will certainly permit me to ask him, whether any of his countrymen could imitate the language of the age of

Chaucer,

Chaucer, so as to pass his own work, for a composition of those times? Doctor Johnson's critical knowledge of the English language, would spurn the idea; but I will venture to assure the Doctor, that we have, among us, several persons as conversant in the old Gaelic, as he himself is in the tongue of the ancient Saxons.

"In the arrangement of the whole work, and even in the improvement of particular passages, the public are perhaps indebted to the taste and judgment of Mr. Macpherson. Being perfectly master of all the traditions relative to the *Fingalian* times, he has, no doubt availed himself of that advantage, in placing the poems in their most natural order, and in restoring the scattered members of such pieces, as he found floating on tradition only, to their original stations. As he collected some parts of the poems from what Doctor Johnson would call the 'recitation of the aged,' in different parts of the country, he was certainly excusable in taking the 'best readings in all the editions,' if the expression may be used.

"Thus far we will admit, that Mr. Macpherson is the author of the poems. But more we will neither grant to him, nor to Doctor Johnson; who seems not to be aware of the compliment he pays to a writer, who, by meriting his envy, has excited his malevolence."

In the performance before us, our author hath refuted many misrepresentations, and detected many inconsistencies in the Doctor's 'Journey,' but some of his remarks, we must here observe, are trivial and insignificant. His language, for the most part, is nervous and masterly. But want of candour, so apparent in his sarcastic expressions, greatly diminishes the merit of a learned and *staunch* Scotchman, whom the *amor patriæ* hath hurried on beyond the bounds of decency and good order. O.

Emma Corbett; or, *The Miseries of Civil War*. Founded on some recent Circumstances which happened in America. By the Author of the *Pupil of Pleasure*, *Liberal Opinions*, *Shenstone Green*, &c. &c. In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 7s. 6d. Baldwin.

[Continued from page 268.]

From the comment which was given in our last Review, of this elegant and interesting performance—(interesting indeed to every reader within these realms, because on a subject in which every lover of his country and his kind, is concerned)—we proceed to the *extracts*, which, in that comment were promised. Introductory, however, to these, it is impossible to suggest any thing more in point, (from whence the *diffé-*
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rence betwixt *this* work and the general run of novel-nonsense may be seen) than what will be found in one of the last letters of the history written by (in our opinion) its *most* admirable character.

" *Sir Robert Raymond to his Friend.*

" I am just come from the most agonizing ceremony, oh Frederick, that can possibly pass under the eye of man!—May you never feel what otherwise you can never know! Easy in your fortunes, quiet in your situation, unconnected in your interests, you can, happily for you, have no conception—at least no perfect one—of that rend in the heart which is made by death, when youth, innocence, and beauty, is committed to the dust—when the parent hangs his drooping head over the last sad tenement—when the orphans—

" What have I said? Youth, innocence, and beauty!—and do all these then go down to the earth's cold bosom? Shall none of them ascend? The glooms of the soul almost carry sensation into sin! They shall ALL ascend! The *one* shall ensure everlasting existence to the *others*. Innocence shall immortalize beauty and youth.

" I am reasoning with an almost breaking heart, Berkley; while poor old Corbett, the survivor of his family, in all the solemn paths of grief, forgets every pain of body in nursing that which is seated within. The romance of youth may teach you to expect that I should execrate—that I should summon to my assistance every infernal power—that I should tax heaven itself with cruelty, and take refuge from altercation man, a midst the friendly concealment of impenetrable woods. This may, perhaps, answer the purpose of the novellist, but it corresponds not with the nature of your friend. No, Berkley. It is not in a moment like this that the truly touched and truly tender indulge themselves in outrage. The first burst is past: that which began with loudness, with vehemence, and with vociferation, settles into the still, the solemn, and the affecting. The temper, stormy and headstrong, of Corbett himself, terminates in the eloquence of dumb distress. The tears fall fast from me as I write. More *impetuous* periods I have felt: so *awful* and so *affecting* a crisis never did I experience. You, who knew not Emma, and have not a regular though you have a worthy heart, cannot know what I have lost. The manner of her death—the motive—and the whole tenour of circumstances connected with it, throw over every passage of the scene, a colour so movingly sad, that I sit wonderstruck in the room, and seem almost in my grave, with the world about me. I have exerted myself to say thus much at the winding up of this solemn catastrophe, lest you, my dear Berkley, or any other person, into whose hands these incidents may fall, should presume to question the ways of Almighty God, which are justifiable in every part of this pathetic story. Erroneous notions of punishment and reward, are perhaps the leading steps to irreligion and infidelity. The vile herd of novellists have done an essential

ential injury to the cause of virtue, by sacrificing to the pleasure of the reader, beyond the simplicity of truth. Difficulty, in the beginning of a narrative; love, in the middle; and marriages, at the end, make up, almost invariably, the recipe of a modern romance. This is called rewarding virtue; a bad character or two, perhaps, drops off, and that is called punishing vice. False, foolish, conclusion! Look into life. Doth not heaven's blessed beam shine equally on the just and the unjust. Are all rewards so mechanically contrived? Hath virtue no joys of her *own*?—joys, which generous sorrow only can produce? Is the sacred struggle of a good man *altogether* *afflictive*? To pass through a road perplexed and thorny—to travel through a hard and difficult life, without tearing the finer principles from the heart, doth it require no better conduct than moves in the machinery of those contemptible pages where all is given up to letter'd art, and distorted imagination? Are there no sweets in the pensive sigh—the pious tear? Break they from the mourner without offering him *any* balm? Hath heaven-born constancy no comforts? Consider the life of Emma! Hath death, at once virtuous and christian, nothing to lift the survivor's spirit above every care of vulgar being? Oh, Frederick, I am touched by a very tender example. In lamenting as I *now* lament, say my friend, is there *no* dear and welcome mitigations? Yes, I feel—I *feel* that there are. Would I part with this generous grief?—Ah no! What would I take in exchange?—The universe should not buy it from me. I even anticipate the holy satisfaction when I shall steal from the shout and strife of society, to the tomb of a virtuous woman. Think you I love her less because I no more shall see her? Hath she suffered in my esteem *by her ascension into heaven*? Shall she lose as an angel, what as a mortal she acquired? I love her better. The Omnipotent placed her in the path of my life, to fix and concentrate the best of passions. I am not of disposition or age to change again. Oh, that the daughter of Emma may live! Shall I be content with a parent's *common* duty—to cloathe, to feed, to educate? Consider Berkley, *whose* babe it is!

“ I have hurried down stairs to examine my treasure!

“ —It lives, it sleeps. I have felt its gentle breath on my cheek.

“ God will spare it. Louisa's orphan too is mine. Corbett too shall live. I have moved towards his bed-side often, since I began to write. His face is hid—he will not yet endure existence, but the hours of resignation are at hand.

“ I conjure you then, Berkley, to *settle* your opinions about Providence.—Bring your piety to a point.—Cultivate your tenderness.—Love, like Emma; and if you meet with *such* a disappointment, do not *transfer* your affection, but turn it to a generous account. The *vulgar* effect of tender distress, is dissipation or despair. Had I yielded to these, a poor old man would have wanted a friend; two lovely infants, a parent; and I the self-approving *bosom-ray*, which cheers my spirit in this vale of sorrow.

Circumscribe not, therefore, the rewards of Heaven. The writer of a romance would paint me as a wretch without hope, who calls down the stroke of fate in pity to his aid. Attend you to the reality, my friend; and behold a man who wishes still to live! and who thinks himself rewarded. Farewel.

“ROBERT RAYMOND.”

Sentiments like these, as eloquent as they are affecting, *reconcile* us to the various shocks of sympathy which we suffered in the perusal of Emma Corbett: They reconcile us to her pilgrimate, her poison, her wounds and her death.—In a *POLITICAL* light, this performance is to be considered as giving a new form to old matter;—as pointing, with a master's hand, at the deep gashes that are made in the side of relationship and society in this wretched contest, where to speak as *men*, we must acknowledge *both parties* are wrong. The author holds up to our eye (and the impression *enters our heart*) two violent partizans of opposite principles, the one an American, the other a Briton, in sentiment: and then, he attempers these again by the medium of a *third* character, over every part of which is thrown the finest lustre of philanthropy. Of all these personages, (who are intimately connected with every event of the story) the reader may form some judgment from the subsequent letters supposed to be written by themselves:

“*To Emma Corbett.*”

“Emma, be yourself. You *must* make one generous effort. I see you languishing under my eye and cannot bear it. Thrice have I seen you in the sick chamber within a few weeks. It is easy to perceive that your whole soul is pining after Henry—the *perfidious* Henry; with whom your union *must never be* while you think proper to own a *father*, and accept his *protection*. I tell thee, Emma, that were he this moment *returned*, and returned with what degenerate Britons *now* call *glory*—nay, could he lay the conquest of the plundered colonies at *thy feet*, there exists a reason which would make it *vile*—yes, mark the strength of the term—*VILE*, in *Emma Corbett* to accept it. But I see nothing less than the entire explanation of the fact will convince thee.

To crush, therefore, every lingering hope at once, know thou dear insatuated, thy father still leans his very soul on the welfare of America. Those fortunes which have been destroyed, those debts which have impoverished me, as well as those ample streams of commerce which rolled unobstructed from shore to shore, were all dedicated to injured America. For *her* thy brother's blood was shed, and had I yet more sons, more fortunes, and more resources, they should all be at the service of that violated country. She is injured—she is aggrieved, my daughter. Her oppressions are at my

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heart.—The strings that fix it to my bosom are trembling for her.—She glows with a generous love of freedom.—She has been condemned without a hearing.—She was stabbed into resistance.—The sword was held to her throat ere she thought of self-defence. Conflagration, famine, and parricide, have entered her late peaceful habitations.—The common bounties of Providence have been denied her.—The blood of citizens, of brothers, and of friends, are flowing in rivers through her streets.

“I have not, Emma, been one of those who hawk about my principles, and saunter in babbling ignorance from coffee-house to coffee-house. I am *fixed* in my politicks, and think my steady adherence to them a part of my *religion*. Since we are cruelly taught to make a sanguinary mark of distinction betwixt an Englishman and an American, I own myself the latter, and deplore the infirmities that prevent me from rushing to the field. My child, my child, I know the ruinous rapacity, the murder, the *VILLAINY* of this unnatural war. I enter deeply, and pathetically, into every wrong which America sustains. It is the only point wherein I am enthusiastic, and it is the only point where enthusiasm is great and glorious! Do not imagine, rash girl!—monstrous thought! do not *DARE* to imagine, ungrateful Henry shall ever receive the hand of Emma. Spare me, beloved daughter, in this one part—this fore, this tender part—and in every *other*, command your father! You owe me this submission, you owe me this *FAVOUR*, this *indulgence*. I would have preserved your Hammond, and opposed his entering into this wicked employment, but it was impossible. High of heart, he scorned to be even *tenderly* controuled. I endeavoured to win him generously over to an honourable cause. He called it insult, bribery, baseness. The military distraction was throbbing in every vein. When I argued, he justified every measure of ministry. *Great Britain*, he said, was grossly abused—her lenity scorned—her laws defied—her sublime prerogative contemptuously set at nought. He spoke loud and vehement of American *rebellion*. The honour of the empire, he said, now depended on the exertion of each individual, and it was the duty of every young man (whom every tie of interest, every bond of loyalty, and every principle of policy called upon) to manifest his zeal, his courage, and his attachment. He went on, my child, in all the foaming folly of youth, declaring, that he should account himself base, were he to deny the *contribution* of his arm. The greater his love for *Emma*, the nobler his *sacrifice*, he said. He was determined: he had made up his mind: and was resolved to defend his country or gloriously perish in her ruins. I pitied his delirium, yet venerated his ardour. Well directed, of what was it not susceptible! He was above admonition, and kept erring on. In true tenderness to thee, my Emma, I forgot the dignity of age, and even stooped to intercede. After all my letters to him were in vain, I privately sought a personal interview, but his boiling spirit took fire. I reluctantly withdrew, and gave up the point.

Oh,

Oh, America, thou bleeding innocent, how art thou laden with oppressions ! Oh, my child, my child ! Nature, Religion, and Religion's God, are on her side ; and will you take to your arms, and to your embraces, a youth who propensely violates these !—a cruel youth whose reeking blade may at this moment smoke with kindred gore ! Tyranny hath not a reserve of barbarity in store. She is exhausted. Your Henry is a volunteer amongst those who, as an acquisition to the British army, have added the tomahawk, the hatchet, and the scalping knife. And will the tender-hearted Emma continue to love such a barbarian ? Away, away, it will not bear a thought ! Banish, oblivate, detest him. He is in open rebellion against the laws of nature. Let your affections flow into a fairer channel—ah, suffer a parent's hand to pilot them. He has a friend in reserve, my dear—such a friend—

“ But tell me that you have resumed yourself. Tell me that you are indeed my daughter. Adieu,

CHARLES CORBETT.

“ To Sir Robert Raymond.

“ YOU force me into a very unwelcome explanation. Unwelcome, because precipitate ; and which I designed to have opened at a proper opportunity, in the hour of confidence—however, as the circumstance is thus hastened on, I must suit myself to it.

“ I am not by any means so rich as I was at your departure from this country for India : yet I am too rich—and should think myself so had I only one guinea upon the earth—to marry Emma to your fortune to mend mine. I did love Hammond, even with a father's love, and in a legal sense to be his father was my favourite intention. Yet that idea is now, of all others, the farthest from my mind, and never CAN be revived. It is a little hard, that you have got me into such an exigence as to make it impossible for me, with any credit, to keep the great secret of my life.

“ Henry Hammond is, against all advice, and persuasion, violently attached to those cruel spoilers, who have gone sword in hand into the bowels of a country, where my dear son has fallen a victim—a country which is most barbarously butchered, and to whose welfare I am bound by ties the most tender and interesting. I would reject you, I would reject an Emperor that should pretend to the hand of Emma, and yet sacrilegiously pollute his own hand, in the life-blood of AMERICA. Oh, thou hapless land ! thou art precious to me beyond the breath which I am now drawing !—beyond every hope that I can form on this side heaven !—beyond my daughter—yes even beyond Emma, because thou art equally the object of my love, and more of my pity ! The rapacious Henry is gone to plunge another poignard in thy bosom ?—the bosom of my country—the tomb of Emma's brother, and the vault of every generous affection. Nature herself lies bleeding on thy shore, and there the inhuman mother has plunged the dagger (with her own barbarous hand) into the bowels of her child !

“ But oh, the deep and tremendous retributions are at hand ; I

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Oh,

see them, with a prophetic eye, this moment before me. Horrors shall be repaid with *accumulation* of horror. The wounds in America should be succeeded by deep-mouthed gashes in the heart of Britain! The chain of solemn consequences advance. Yet, yet, my friend, a little while, and the poor forlorn one who has fought and fallen at the gate of her proper habitation, for freedom—for the common privileges of life—for all the sweet and binding principles in humanity—for father, son, and brother—for the cradled infant, the wailing widow and the weeping maid. Yet, yet, a little while and she shall find an avenger. Indignant nations shall arm in her defence.—Thrones and dominions shall make *her* cause their own, and the fountains of blood which have run from *her* exhausted veins, shall be answered by a yet fuller measure of the horrible effusion. Blood for blood, and desolation for desolation! O, my poor Edward!—my buried property!—my massacred America!

“You remember it was amongst my first questions that I desired to know *your* opinion of the war? I received the answer which soothed my heart, and it was not till after that moment, I suffered my full tide of ancient tenderness again to flow.

To Henry I break *no* promise. Emma's attachment, I think, may be *subdued* by gentle means. O, if she still unites her heart (even her secret heart) to that *volunteer* murderer, these silver hairs shall descend in sudden sorrow to the grave. But indeed, I do not apprehend it. She is all duty. She *loves* the source of her existence. Come then. Discover to her your virtues, and try to save me from the distress of her preferring a rash boy, who is bent upon destroying *those* which are so valuable to your

CHARLES CORBETT.

“To C. Corbett, Esq.

“You astonish me. I imagined *you* were, like *myself*, a citizen of the earth, and of no particular party. For my *own* part, I have *travelled* away all enthusiasm of the sort you mention. There is indeed, something like a natural affection, which one bears to the place of one's nativity; because, *there* our beings were first linked to the chain of society—there first shot up our ideas—there grew our connexions, our affections, our hopes, and our wishes—there our little loves were first formed, and our little wants first accommodated. It is upon these accounts that I am more happy to contemplate the scenes of England than those of India—that I rate more highly my *own* than I do a *foreign* language—that I look with fondest partiality at the spot (which is marked in everlasting traces on the memory) devoted to the pastimes of my infancy, and that I continue some sort of grateful tenderness for the very *trees*, whose shades so often soothed me in the summer of my childhood. My predilection for my native country, friend Corbett, 'hath this extent—no more.' It has been my fate to travel—I had almost said—wherever Europeans are dispersed. I have travelled too, where civil society hath yet made no progress, but I have

never

never travelled (and oh, may I never) where the 'human face divine' did not meet my eye. However varied by colour, by tint, and by feature, I saw enough to discover my *kind*, and, to acknowledge it. I disputed not about the white or black, the tawny, or the yellow; nor about the different mixture shade, or distinction of these.—I saw *my species*; and in this very serious moment I declare to you, that I felt attachment to the general figures of men and women, wherever I beheld them, even before I knew any thing of their particular dispositions. In looking more close, I beheld amongst every people, whether savage or civilized, many things to like, and many to dislike: but not one to cut them wholly from my tenderness. Foremost of those points, Corbett, which *hurt* me, were the bickerings that subsisted between one state and another. In passing through a variety of countries, and seeing them *all*, either *engaging*, *preparing* to engage, or healing the wounds of an engagement *past*, I began to think the passion for honourable death (i. e. cutting throats and lopping limbs for subsistence or for glory, for pride or pique) was universally peculiar to these ages of iron and steel; till, devoting a cool hour to examine the map of the world, and perceiving that, from the creation (or very soon after) even unto this day, to shed blood in this manner has been the *constant practice*, I gave up the idea of calling my fellow-creatures cruel or sanguinary upon this account, and *deplored* a custom which I could not *approve*. Yet, in every army are characters to be loved; and the human affections spread themselves, more or less, over every clime. In considering the *causes* of wars, between different proportions of the same species, (of whom numbers without numbers have been slain) I have found them so wretchedly inadequate to the horrible *effects*, that I have often melted into tears, but never have been inflamed with anger. Tens of thousands, my friend, have been sacrificed to the frown of a favourite, the whim of a prince, or the smile of a prostitute. The *occasions* are contemptible, but the *event* is murder. What can a good-natured man do, but commiserate the abuse of power, and the madness of ambition? In point of *propriety* there is seldom a pin to choose on either side; and even when it is Justice herself that draws the sword, and heads the phalanx, the blood of many an innocent is shed in the contest; and in the warmest moment of success, while Victory is enjoying her jubilee,—if all the milk of human kindness were not drained out of the hero's bosom—there is as much cause for him to sorrow, as to rejoice. Oh, Mr. Corbett, were he to retire *after* the shout of acclamation to some quiet solitude, and there think on the means by which the conquest has been gained—were he to consider, that heaps of his *countrymen* as well as of the *enemy* (all of whom were human beings) lie cut to pieces upon the plain—while *another* heap, yet more to be regretted, are groaning in hospitals—would not the laurel wither on his brow? would not the sense of rapture be checked, sympathy stream from his eye, and recoiling horror freeze up the blood about his

his heart? Such are my opinions. I caught them, my friend, from the fountain-head of a most touching *experience*. They flowed immediately from the *wounds* of my fellow creatures. Appointed to the office of surgeon, at a period of *war*, in the earlier part of my life, it was the fortunes of our ship more than once to feel the shocks of public hostility. I had so much business upon my hands that it was almost too much for my heart. At the conclusion of the voyage, an opportunity offered to quit my cruel station, and I readily embraced it. Since that time I have kept myself unengaged from scenes for which nature did not form me: and I am not of any party. I detest war, and the *thoughts* of war, but I sincerely wish well to every human creature. That England is at variance with her colonies is unhappy. In both countries I have friends who are dear to me. In both I have property. But I dare not lean either way, lest I should unsettle that system of *general loving-kindness* which, for a great while, has been the basis of my happiness. I assiduously avoid political conversation, and it is a certain prudence in *your* conduct (which seldom suffers you to mention these things) that makes me so pleased, my dear Corbett, with your society. I am now too far advanced in life to begin the cares of a *partizan*, but as I have some *feelings*, I cut out some more *congenial* employment for them. I love my jest. I love my friend. I love you; and I love your daughter. Your ardent principles now convince me, that an alliance with Hammond would be to unite fire with fire: I will therefore try, for her father's sake, and for mine, how far Emma may be brought to like a *man of peace*. I have only to desire that you will consider me as one who remains *neuter* upon the same principle that you take a *side*, viz. because I *think* it is *right*, and because I *feel* it to be *happy*. This condition observed, our ancient friendship will stand firm, and I shall ever be, yours,

ROBERT RAYMOND."

And here we shall bring to a *suspension* at least, our survey of this composition: promising, nevertheless, at a future opportunity, to take up the pen of merited encomium once more, just to introduce to our readers an episode to be met with in these volumes, which our sympathizing hearts assure us is little inferior to the divine story of *Le Fevre*.—We must however just observe that the *quality* of this work *ought* to be as excellent as they *are*; for the dexterity of the printer has been exerted so adroitly that the *quantity* of two volumes is run into *three*,

An Account of some Particulars relative to the Meeting held at York, on Thursday the 30th of December, 1779. By Leonard Smelt, Esq. Becket. 1s.

Mr.

Mr. Smelt, in the Preface to this pamphlet, informs the public, that he was obliged to publish his speech at the earnest desire of his friends, and in self-defence; as in the various publications lately attributed to him, neither the manner of expressing his sentiments, the order in which they were delivered, nor the application of them was properly observed. He tells us, he would be glad if he could impute this to the deceitfulness of memory or the inaccuracy of notes only. It has indeed been hinted by many that this is not a real copy of his speech as delivered at York: but he himself declares, that it is impossible he should so soon have forgot the sentiments he then spoke, as they have long held a fixed place in his mind; but he will not ascribe to his memory any particular degree of exactness with respect to words. From this gentleman's well known, amiable and respectable character, which even his political opponents allow him to have, we can entertain no doubt of the truth of this assertion. For the same reason, we sincerely believe that whatever he spoke, were the real sentiments of his own heart, and not the sentiments of others, as has been maliciously hinted in some of the daily prints. Thus far we can say from our own knowledge, that the various speeches ascribed to Mr. Smelt are not at all like the one before us. It is a thing every man of feeling must lament, that party rage so far blinds the most sensible men as to make them endeavour to hold up to public detestation men of the most amiable characters, merely by misrepresenting their words and actions.

Where he says, "It is a false opinion, that the King is the servant of the public; he is the soul of the constitution," seems to be the sentence at which gentlemen of opposite principles have chiefly taken umbrage. How far this doctrine may be right we will not pretend to say; as this is not a proper place for political controversy. Every man, however, who, in these times and upon important occasions, stands boldly forth and delivers his sentiments freely upon great national subjects, though he may perhaps widely differ from the generality of people, is still very justifiable, and shews such a degree of resolution and constancy, as will at last (by the blessing of Providence) conquer all our enemies. The style and manner of this speech are manly and animated; the language is for the most part elegant; and the whole composition shews the author to be a man of great sense and judgment.

Mr. Smelt concludes his speech thus:

"When the state of this empire is considered, in the moment in which this petition is brought forth—a moment in which the astonishing efforts of this country were raising it to a superiority over the forces of the whole House of Bourbon, and its own revolted colonies—a moment, in which the common danger was again awakening the *amor patriæ*, and annihilating that narrow selfishness which counteracted the consolidation of the whole empire—When the true principles of trade were beginning to be understood; which prove that it should take its seat with equal freedom in every part of the empire, availing itself of every local advantage and produce—When the navigation act in America, and the restraints in Ireland would be judged as prejudicial to the whole empire, as if they existed in London—And when out of our evils, had arisen that liberality of mutual advantage, which must consolidate the empire, more than it could have been under that selfish character which pervaded every part before the contest—When there wanted nothing but temper and unanimity in the mother country, to open the eyes of America to her true interest, and to effect a complete union of the whole empire under common advantage, common liberty, and common support; the means for which might be settled without admitting the least possible injustice to the parts—At such a moment to give sanction to division, and to tell all our enemies that they might expect, from our internal convulsions, what their united arms could not effect, is indeed a melancholy, and most unexpected event."

Speech of Edmund Burke, Esq. Member of Parliament for the City of Bristol; on presenting to the House of Commons, on the 11th of February, 1780, a Plan for the better Security of the Independence of Parliament, and the economical Reformation of the Civil and other Establishments. 8vo. 2s. Doddsley.

This speech, whether considered as a political pamphlet, or a rhetorical composition, must certainly be allowed to be a most masterly performance. It may, indeed, be thought to propose the reformation of so many abuses at once, as cannot be corrected without giving a shock to the constitution, and impeding, in some degree, the wheels of government. But it is with the political as with the animal body; all remedies give a shock to the constitution of either; but after the disease is removed they were intended to cure, the constitution, relieved from the oppressive load, resumes its wonted vigour, and the springs of life act with greater force, and the wheels of government move with greater ease and facility than ever.

As to Mr. Burke's eloquence, it is rather of the pleasing and agreeable, than of the strong and persuasive kind; he addresses himself rather to the imagination than the judgment, and seems more anxious to gratify the taste than to convince the understanding. Our readers will judge for themselves from the following extract.

After mentioning the many difficulties he has to encounter in this attempt, and the great reforms that have been lately made in the French finances, he proceeds thus:

"I therefore thought it necessary, as soon as I conceived thoughts of submitting to you some plan of reform, to take a comprehensive view of the state of this country; to make a sort of survey of its Jurisdictions, its Estates, and its Establishments. Something, in every one of them, seemed to me to stand in the way of all œconomy in their administration, and prevented every possibility of methodizing the system. But being, as I ought to be, doubtful of myself, I was resolved not to proceed in an arbitrary manner, in any particular which tended to change the settled state of things, or in any degree to affect the fortune or situation, the interest or the importance, of any individual. By an arbitrary proceeding, I mean one conducted by the private opinions, tastes, or feelings, of the man who attempts to regulate. These private measures are not standards of the exchequer, nor balances of the sanctuary. General principles cannot be debauched or corrupted by interest or caprice; and by those principles I was resolved to work.

"Sir, before I proceed further, I will lay these principles fairly before you, that afterwards you may be in a condition to judge whether every objection of regulation, as I propose it, comes fairly under its rule. This will exceedingly shorten all discussion between us, if we are perfectly in earnest in establishing a system of good management. I therefore lay down to myself, seven fundamental rules; they might indeed be reduced to two or three simple maxims, but they would be too general, and their application to the several heads of the business, before us, would not be so distinct and visible. I conceive then,

"First, That all jurisdictions which furnish more matter of expence, more temptation to oppression, or more means and instruments of corrupt influence, than advantage to justice or political administration, ought to be abolished.

"Secondly, That all public estates which are more subservient to the purposes of vexing, overawing, and influencing those who hold under them, and to the expence of perception and management, than of benefit to the revenue, ought, upon every principle, both of revenue and of freedom, to be disposed of.

"Thirdly, That all offices which bring more charge than proportional advantage to the state; that all offices which may be engrafted on others, uniting and simplifying their duties, ought in

the first case, to be taken away; and in the second, to be consolidated.

"Fourthly, That all such offices ought to be abolished as obstruct the prospect of the general superintendant of finance; which destroy his superintendancy, which disable him from foreseeing and providing for charges as they may occur; from preventing expence in its origin, checking it in its progress, or securing its application to its proper purposes. A minister under whom expences can be made without his knowledge, can never say what it is that he can spend, or what it is that he can save.

"Fifthly, That it is proper to establish an invariable order in all payments; which will prevent partiality, which will give preference to services, not according to the importunity of the demandant, but the rank and order of their utility or their justice.

"Sixthly, That it is right to reduce every establishment, and every part of an establishment (as nearly as possible) to certainty, the life of all order and good management.

"Seventhly, That all subordinate treasuries, as the nurseries of mismanagement, and as naturally drawing to themselves as much money as they can, keeping it as long as they can, and accounting for it as late as they can, ought to be dissolved. They have a tendency to perplex and distract the public accounts, and to excite a suspicion of government, even beyond the extent of their abuse.

"Under the authority and with the guidance of those principles, I proceed; wishing that nothing in any establishment may be charged, where I am not able to make a strong, direct, and solid application of those principles, or of some one of them. An economical constitution is a necessary basis for an economical administration.

"First, with regard to the sovereign jurisdictions, I must observe, Sir, that whoever takes a view of this kingdom in a cursory manner, will imagine, that he beholds a solid, compacted, uniform system of monarchy; in which all inferior jurisdictions are but as rays diverging from one center. But on examining it more nearly, you find much eccentricity and confusion. It is not a *Monarchy* in strictness. But, as in the Saxon times this country was an heptarchy, it is now a strange sort of *Pentarchy*. It is divided into five several distinct principalities, besides the supreme. There is indeed this difference from the Saxon times, that as in the itinerant exhibitions of the stage, for want of a complete company, they are obliged to cast a variety of parts on their chief performer; so our sovereign condescends himself to act, not only the principal, but all the subordinate parts in the play. He condescends to dissipate the royal character, and to trifle with those light, subordinate, lackered scepters, in those hands that sustain the ball representing the world, or which wield the trident that commands the ocean. Cross a brook, and you lose the king of England; but you have some comfort in coming again under his majesty, though "shorn of his beams," and no more than Prince
of

of Wales. Go to the north, and you find him dwindled to a Duke of Lancaster; turn to the west of that north, and he pops upon you in the humble character of Earl of Chester. Travel a few miles on, the Earl of Chester disappears; and the king surprises you again as Count Palatine of Lancaster. If you travel beyond Mount Edgecombe, you find him once more in his incognito, and He is Duke of Cornwall. So that, quite fatigued and satiated with this dull variety, you are infinitely refreshed when you return to the sphere of his proper splendor, and behold your amiable sovereign in his true, simple, undisguised, native character of majesty,

"In every one of these five Principalities, Dutchies, Palatinates, there is a regular establishment of considerable expence, and most domineering influence. As his majesty submits to appear in this state of subordination to himself, so his loyal peers and faithful commons attend his royal transformations; and are not so nice as to refuse to nibble at those crumbs of emoluments, which console their petty metamorphoses. Thus every one of these principalities has the apparatus of a kingdom, for the jurisdiction over a few private estates; and the formality and charge of the exchequer of Great Britain, for collecting the rents of a country squire. Cornwall is the best of them; but when you compare the charge with the receipt, you will find that it furnishes no exception to the general rule. The dutchy and county palatine of Lancaster do not yield, as I have reason to believe, on an average of twenty years, four thousand pounds a year, clear to the crown. As to Wales and the county palatine of Chester, I have my doubts, whether their productive exchequer yields any returns at all. Yet one may say, that this revenue is more faithfully applied to its purposes than any of the rest; as it exists for the sole purpose of multiplying offices, and extending influence.

"An attempt was lately made to improve this branch of local influence, and to transfer it to the fund of general corruption. I have on the seat behind me, the constitution of Mr. John Probert; a knight-errant dubbed by the noble lord in the blue ribbon, and sent to search for revenues and adventures upon the mountains of Wales. The commission is remarkable; and the event not less so. The commission sets forth, that "Upon a report of the *deputy auditor* (for there is a deputy auditor) of the principality of Wales, it appeared, that his majesty's land-revenues in the said principality, *are greatly diminished*;"—and "that upon a *report of the surveyor general* of his majesty's land revenues, upon a *memorial* of the auditor of his majesty's revenues *within the said principality*, that his mines and forests have produced *very little profit either to the public revenue or to individuals*;"—and therefore they appoint Mr. Probert, with a pension of three hundred pounds a year from the said principality, to try whether he can make any thing more of that *very little* which is stated to be so *greatly diminished*. "A

beggarly account of empty boxes." And yet, Sir, you will remark—that this diminution from littleness (which serves only to prove the infinite divisibility of matter) was not for want of the tender and officious care (as we see) of surveyors general, and surveyors particular; of auditors and deputy-auditors; not for want of memorials, and remonstrances, and reports, and commissions, and constitutions, and inquisitions, and pensions.

"Probert, thus armed, and accoutred,—and paid, proceeded on his adventure;—but he was no sooner arrived on the confines of Wales, than all Wales was in arms to meet him. That nation is brave, and full of spirit. Since the invasion of king Edward, and the massacre of the bards, there never was such a tumult, and alarm, and uproar, through the region of *Preſtlyn*. *Snowdon* shook to its base; *Cader Edris* was loosened from its foundations. The fury of litigious war blew her horn on the mountains. The rocks poured down their goatherds, and the deep caverns vomited out their miners. Every thing above ground, and every thing under ground, was in arms.

"In short, Sir, to alight from my Welsh Pegasus, and to come to level ground; the *Pieux Chevalier* Probert went to look for revenue, like his masters upon other occasions; and like his masters, he found rebellion. But we were grown cautious by experience. A civil war of paper might end in a more serious war; for now remonstrance met remonstrance, and memorial was opposed to memorial. In truth, Sir, the attempt was no less an affront upon the understanding of that respectable people, than it was an attack on their property. The wise Britons thought it more reasonable, that the poor, wasted, decrepit revenue of the principality, should die a natural than a violent death. They chose that their ancient moss-grown castles, should moulder into decay, under the silent touches of time, and the slow formality of an oblivious and drowsy exchequer, than that they should be battered down all at once, by the lively efforts of a pensioned engineer. As it is the fortune of the noble lord to whom the auspices of this campaign belonged, frequently to provoke resistance, so it is his rule and his nature to yield to that resistance *in all cases whatsoever*. He was true to himself on this occasion. He submitted with spirit to the spirited remonstrances of the Welsh. Mr. Probert gave up his adventure, and keeps his pension—and so ends "the famous history of the revenue adventures of the bold Baron North, and the good Knight Probert, upon the mountains of *Venodotia*."

"In such a state is the exchequer of Wales at present, that upon the report of the treasury itself, its *little* revenue is *greatly* diminished; and we see by the whole of this strange transaction, that an attempt to improve it, produces resistance; the resistance produces submission; and the whole ends in pension.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Rhyme

Rhyme and Reason: or, a fresh Stating of the Arguments against an opening through the Wall of Queen's-Square, Westminster. By a Knight. With the original Arguments at the Bottom of the Page, for the Information of the Inquisitive. Addressed to the Justices and Gentry at large, within the City and Liberties of Westminster, and County of Middlesex; and also to the Governors of Christ's-Hospital, London. 4to. Faulder.

There cannot be a stronger symptom of a restless and malevolent disposition, than an avowed and indiscriminate attack upon others for a difference of opinion; where any matter in question concerns a common convenience, of which one has as good a right to judge as another. It therefore might reasonably be expected that a person hardy and conceited enough to print and disperse, among his neighbours, a paper fraught with such rude and illiberal expressions, as the original, here said to be republished, appears to be, would not be suffered to go long unnoticed.

This retort, it must be confessed, carries with it, a pleasantry and good-humour, that plainly shew, the author of it, has not been provoked to lose his temper; for instead of combatting the original with arguments of its own complexion, sour and ill-natured, by which a neighbourhood, might have been set together by the ears, he has treated it with a species of ridicule, which serves as it were to snatch the firebrand of the original out of its author's hands, and to throw it into the air, by exposing its futility in the ludicrous manner here attempted; and in which he has succeeded as well as the nature of the subject would, admit:

As a specimen of our author's turn for railery, we shall make a short extract from the poetry, together with that part of the original to which it refers:

"Queen-Square and Park-Street, Westminster, from the time of their being originally built, which was about the year 1704, were separated by a wall, two bricks and a half thick, and thirty feet high. The houses in the former of these places were at first inhabited by persons of high rank and quality, and even of late years have been occupied by dignitaries in the church, general officers, and others whose circumstances in life led them to seek for security and repose. Those in Park-Street were an inferior kind of dwellings, but having lately been pulled down, the enterprising and liberal spirit of the proprietor of the ground whereon they stood, has displayed itself in the erection of thirteen spacious

ous

ous houses, of which there are seven that, for their convenient and elegant construction, and other circumstances arising from their situation, and the prospect which they command, are scarcely to be equalled by any dwelling houses in Europe.

“ Upon the completing these houses the old wall, at the request of the owner of them, and with the consent of the inhabitants of Queen-Square, was taken down and by him rebuilt to the height of five feet; and iron rails five feet high were set thereon, which accommodated the new building with air and sun, without abating the security of either neighbourhood.

“ In a situation like this, remote from the noise, tumult, and hurry of trade and business, the inhabitants have long been happy in the possession and enjoyment of that quiet, and that safety from nocturnal depredations, which they, and some of them at a very dear rate, have purchased; but the satisfaction thence arising, has of late been greatly disturbed, by the insinuations and suggestions of a few persons, that this neighbourhood will be much benefited by an intercommunity between the inhabitants of the above places; and that numberless advantages must result from the levelling that partition between the one and the other of them, which, in point of security and quiet, has long been deemed an inestimable benefit to both.

“ In the year when our forces seiz’d hold of Gibraltar,
Was built a great wall, which ’twas wicked to alter;
Full thirty feet high was this rampart egregious,
Two bricks and an half were it’s thickness—Prodigious!
It was built to disserve (important affair)
The Blacks of Park-street, from the Beaux of Queen-square.
In short it was built for the use it supplied,
Which wit, less than mine, wou’d have never descry’d,
And should therefore have stood, as sound logic will shew,
Tho’ the cause of it’s buildings has ceas’d long ago;
But a wonderful Builder, whose name shall be nameless,
Has remov’d this vile neighbourhood, shabby and shameful,
Has built dwelling houses surpassing Versailles,
And changed the old wall for some smart iron rails.
Which change, to my wonder and utter amazement,
Lets in sun and air like a door or a casement.
But mark his contrivance; his rails have no door,
So the place is as strong as it had been before.
Thrice wonderful Builder! whose art cou’d contrive,
With air and with sun-shine, to make us alive;
And yet without magic or art supernatural,
Keep passengers out your choice pavements that spatter all,
And carriages too in your ears that wou’d clatter all. }
Thus once did I see, on the shore lying wet,
A wonderful thing, Fishers call it a Net,
Being only an angler, I cou’d not divine
How to fish with a thing so unlike to a line;

So,

So, thirsty for knowledge, I ask'd the poor souls
 Why their nets were constructed so brimful of holes.
 The Filthermen answered me—Can you guess what?
 What I ne'er hear'd before, and yet ne'er have forgot, }
 "That the water might pass, but the fishes might not."
 My boy, standing by me, his pen and ink took,
 And wrote down the answer, to pop, in my book.

Poems on various Subjects. By Eliza Reeves. Dedicated (by permission) to the Duke of Manchester, 10s. 6d. 4to. Dilly.

In this lady's poems we find the characteristical marks of the female pen—a softness of sentiments and expression, a tolerable melody of numbers, and an aptitude in the rhymes. So far she deserves our commendation. But for novelty of sentiment, or flight of idea, we perceive nothing that we can, with propriety select for our reader's entertainment. Indeed the following has some plea for novelty as well as propriety; we therefore transcribe it.

"On Wit and Wisdom.

"As the fair rose exceeds its prickly shell,
 So Wisdom's flow'rs the briars of Wit excel.
 Learn then betimes her sacred laws to prize,
 And rightly judge of witty men and wise."

The following poems addressed to Altamont, from the ardour of its wishes we should suppose him deserving the favourable sentiments which flow from her enthusiastic muse. We indeed think such enthusiasm should be more chastised than to be suffered to dictate what borders almost on indecency. We mean the couplet printed in Italics.

"To Altamont on his Birth Day.

"Hail to the morn which fill'd the parent breast
 With joy compleat, and gave thee to the light;
 In all the charms of infant beauty drest,
 To fill a noble lineage with delight.
 In guiltless joys thy spring of life was past,
 Nor clouds of ill o'er-cast thy playful eye;
 Joys pure as those, may riper reason taste,
 And all your days on wings of pleasure fly.
 By Virtue rul'd, may'st thou be ever blest
 With ev'ry joy indulgent heav'n can give;

May

May ev'ry sorrow fly from thy lov'd breast,
 Nor leave one pang that friendship can't relieve.
 To point out Vice where e'er she speeds her way,
 Virtue a task to all her sons has giv'n:
 But pow'r's immortal should the Muse display,
 Who means to paint the noblest work of heav'n.
 Soar high, ye Nine, pierce yonder lucid sphere!
 And from his native skies your numbers bring;
 Tune all your golden harps with sacred care,
 And teach my grateful Muse his worth to sing.

If to be gen'rous as the Sun's wide ray
 With care to nourish Honour's sacred flame;
 If with some friendly deed to mark each day,
 If to be great, you claim immortal fame!
 If to suppress the widow's rising sigh,
 And with thy Orphan friend to drop a tear;
 If facts like these, to heav'n's tribunal fly,
 To God and man thou wilt be ever dear.
 Thy gen'rous bosom feels another's woes,
 And pity reigns majestic on thy cheek;
 And when thy soul with soft compassion glows,
 Thine eyes expressive of its dictates speak.

Call not this flat'ry, the earth-born dame
 Dares not the paths of love and friendship tread;
 From heav'n the sacred, Sister- blessings came,
 At who's approach each sordid inmate fled.
 While round thy brow unnumbered graces move,
 Each look, each act, thy faultless mind displays;
 Thy life's whole tenor all thy virtue's prove,
 And call forth wonder, love, esteem, and praise.
 Then let my raptur'd soul confess thy pow'r,
 And paint the force of all thy matchless worth;
 Thy mental charms has made my soul adore,
 And gave my gratitude and friendship birth.

Guard then thy sacred charge with watchful care,
 And give thy soul untainted to its heav'n:
 Ah! let not vice, by treach'rous arts impair
 Those blessings which thy smiling fate has giv'n.
 May chaste desires your youthful bosom warm,
 Nor lawless wishes warp your guiltless soul;
 May Virtue, with her train of beauties charm,
 And each successive year on blessings roll.
 Unbid by Av'rice, may some gentle heart,
 Pour all its love and duty on thy breast,
*Where you delighted may each joy impart,
 Or thy full bosom sigh itself to rest.*

Swift from thy side may pain for ever fly,
 And on thy cheek the rose its bloom renew;

May Friendship's ray still sparkle in thine eyes,
 And heav'n's unceasing care be fixt on you.
 Father of all! eternal pow'r supreme!
 My prayer for this, thy noblest work receive,
 Around his brow let all thy mercies beam,
 And each new sun some new-born blessing give.
 To heav'n's high orb his deeds, ye angels, wing;
 Where peace eternal reigns, his seat prepare:
 Where he may grateful hallelujah's sing,
 Nor mortal pains or tears his bliss impair.

"The Invocation to the same."

"Ye sacred pow'rs, from whom all blessings flow,
 On my lov'd friend each human bliss bestow!
 Sorrow and pain far from his bosom fly,
 Nor let him know but by its name, a sigh:
 Virtue watch o'er him, never quit his side,
 But thro' life's dang'rous wilds be thou his guide,
 Honour, do thou his ev'ry thought inpire,
 And gentle Pity crown its sacred fire.
 Calm be his sleep and free from dreams of ill,
 While pleasing visions each idea fill:
 Watch ever round his couch, ye heav'nly band,
 And guard his slumbers from each hostile hand.
 And when the lark tunes first his matin-lays,
 Awake his soul to sound his Maker's praise;
 Oh, fill his breast with energy divine!
 While to admire, revere and praise be mine."

It would be invidious to particularize some trifling defects in her verse, further than to recommend to her more care in her next plea for our favour.

Lusus Naturæ: or, the Sports of Nature: a Poem. 4to. 6d.
 Evans.

From the title we imagined a pleasing and entertaining performance was before us. But, alas, we were disappointed. A subject that would afford matter for a volume, is crowded into the extent of a sixpenny pamphlet. What a degradation of nature? However, in the following extract there is a trace or two of imagination which bespeaks a genius capable of doing more justice to *nature* than is done in the present instance.

"What thread of silver, and what wire of gold,
 Do we in glitt'ring icicles behold!"

VOL. XI.

T t

How elegant her drapery in the hoar !
 What lofty plans of buildings we explore !
 How many fairy landships do we see,
 Where all is fanciful and bold, and free !
 How thro' the eye does nature reach the heart !
 How grand the execution of each part !
 Which made * Praxiteles in rapture cry,
 Gods ! I'm outdone, and threw his chissel by.

On Teneriff † how daring are her flights,
 Where Statue-like, she glories in the heights !
Here she stands tiptoe, painting at her will,
 Wide spreading all her canvass o'er the hill.

What shocks of battle, and what sieges here,
 What fields of carnage, and of death appear !
 Or if she choose to shift the varied scene ;
 What villas open on the sylvan green !
 Hamlets and villas here promiscuous shine,
 And rustic temples deck'd with many a shrine ;
 What heaps of pearls upon the drifted snows !
 Brighter by far than ‡ California shews !
 And will you call it chance-work, if her wand
 Shall bid the still creation stand ;
 As if she nothing meant, but slumber'd o'er,
 What she had wrought, or mus'd to fancy more ?

Like him, § who eager to attain the froth,
 Flung at the horse in disappointed wrath
 The painting-brush ; when wond'rous to behold,
 Upon the mouth and bit of shining gold,
 Despair had finish'd what he sought in vain,
 A chance-work foam wide spatt'ring all the rein !

* A famous statuary of ancient Greece.

† The Pike of Teneriff (one of the Canary-Islands) supposed to be the highest hill in the world, its height is 20,274 feet. The middle is covered with a cloud, and the top with snow ; it may be seen at sea 240 miles off ; Though the celebrated voyager Dampier tells us, that the Andes or high mountains in Peru and Chili far surpass the Pike of Teneriff or any mountains in the world for altitude.

‡ California the largest island in America, lying along the coast of New Mexico, southwards. The Spaniards have there several harbours, and upon the coast there is a pearl fishery.

§ This anecdote of the painter is variously related ; Andrew Marvell describes him as painting a hound instead of a horse.

The painter who so long had vex'd his cloth, (1)
 Of his hound's mouth to feign the raging froth,
 His desp'rate pencil at the work did dart ;
 His anger reach'd that rage which pass'd his art ;
 Chance finish'd that which art could but begin ;
 And he sat smiling how his dog did grin.

(1) Canvass

A touch

A touch of nature, no design of art;
 'Tis in such freaks as this the strikes the heart !
 Hast thou not seen of various forms the stones,
 Shap'd like triangles, pyramids and cones ;
 And those of greater breadth saw'd o'er and o'er,
 Retaining curious draughts thro' ev'ry pore ;
 Of ev'ry order buildings you behold,
 Doubtless first pourtray'd in the softer mould ?
 Her various petrifications on the hills,
 Shells of all sorts, of cockles, oysters, squills ?
 What curious Striæ in her sports divine,
 All æquidistant, regular and fine !
 Then underground her fossil world review,
 Inventing, varying, something ever new !

Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting, &c. selected from the Correspondence-Book, for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, within the Counties of Somerset, Wilts, Gloucester, and Dorset, and the City and County of Bristol. To which is added, an Appendix ; containing, a Proposal for the further Improvement of Agriculture. By a Member of the Society. And a Translation of Mons. Hirzel's Letter to Dr. Tissot, in answer to Mons. Linguet's Treatise on Bread Corn and Bread. By another Member of the Society. 8vo. Dilly.

To give our readers a true idea of the present publication, we cannot do better than to lay before them the whole of the preface prefixed to it.

“ That the public may with greater clearness apprehend the scope of the present work, it is thought necessary to prefix the following short account of the nature and the occasion of its publication.

“ In the autumn season of the year 1777, several gentlemen met at the city of Bath, and formed a society for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce, in the counties of Somerset, Wilts, Gloucester, and Dorset, and in the city and county of Bristol.

“ This scheme received immediate approbation and great encouragement; not only by liberal subscriptions, but also by many useful communications of knowledge, both scientific and practical, from ingenious and sensible correspondents.

“ On application to the London and provincial societies in this kingdom, instituted for the like purposes, they very politely offered their assistance, in communicating what might be generally useful;

and to some of them we are indebted for much interesting intelligence.

“As the diffusion of useful information in general is one end proposed by this institution, the society think they cannot fulfil this intention in a more effectual manner than by the publication of such papers as appear to contain what is most likely to be of public utility. Indeed, this is the only method by which the various improvements, and practical information, suggested to them, can be generally dispersed, even among those whom from the nature of their institution, they are under particular obligation to serve.

“In selecting the following papers regard has been principally had to such as relates to matters of practice. Useful hints, however, of the speculative kind, which may, in their consequences, lead to practical improvements, have not been neglected; such will always be esteemed as valuable communications, although inferior to those that have already been submitted to the test of experiment.

“In the subsequent letters, every thing complimentary has been purposely omitted, as the society wish not to make this publication the vehicle of their own praise. The many civilities paid them are duly acknowledged; but in these the public are not interested.

“In a work of this kind, to be explicit and intelligible, are all the requisites with respect to language; and, therefore, the thoughts of our correspondents are generally given in their own words.”

The present volume contains letters and papers on the following subjects.

“On *setting* wheat in Norfolk—On ditto—Answer to the society’s queries on *setting* wheat—On *setting* wheat as practised in Norfolk and Suffolk—Brief account of the Norfolk husbandry—On the culture of potatoes—On the same—On the same—State of agriculture in the Isle of Wight—On the disease called the *Goggles* in sheep—Description of Mr. Boswell’s newly-invented machine for raking summer corn-stubbles—On the cultivation of clover—The society’s queries, with answers thereto, from the Sheriff of the county of Suffolk—On the effects of marle in Norfolk—On feeding wheat with sheep in the spring—Method of making *Reservoirs* in dry countries, for watering sheep and cattle—Experiments on plants eaten or rejected by cattle, sheep and hogs—On the bulk and increase in growth of some remarkable timber trees—Mode of farming pursued by a member of the Bath society—On the best method of raising *elms* for fences; manuring fallows for wheat; and preventing the ravages of the fly on *young turnips*—On a peculiar species of grass found in Wiltshire—Observations on thistles—On a disease the *stock lambs* in Norfolk are liable to from eating *self-sown barley* in autumn—Observations on the mynum moss—On the superior quality of grain produced from *set wheat*, to that sown broadcast—Account of the cultivation of *Siberian barley*—On the effect of *fern ashes* as a manure for wheat land—On the cultivation of

heathy ground—Instructions for the prevention and cure of the *apozooty*, or contagious distemper among horned cattle—On the construction and use of *machines* for floating pastures, and for draining wet lands—On the use of soaper's ashes and feathers as manures—On planting boggy soils with *ash*; and the slopes of hills with *forest trees*—Mode of cultivating turnips in Suffolk—On raising *potatoes* from seed—On the mode and advantages of extracting the essence of oak bark, for tanning leather—On drilling pease—On the culture of Siberian barley—On a new oil manure—Mode of weaning and rearing calves, by a Norfolk farmer—On raising a crop of white oats and grass seeds—Answers to the society's printed queries, from Gloucestershire—On the great increase of milk, from feeding cows with saintfoin—On the success attending the planting moor land with *ash trees*—On the use of *stagnant water* as manure. Of the management of *clover* in Suffolk—Thoughts on the rot in sheep—On the mode of cultivating and curing the *rheum palmatum*, or true *rhubarb*—On the cultivation of *rhubarb*—On the cultivation and cure of *rhubarb*—The same continued—Dr. Lettsom's letter on *rhubarb*—Dr. Hope's letter on *rhubarb*—On the growth and application of *rhubarb*—On the extirpation of plants noxious to cattle on dairy and grazing farms, &c. with hints on the breeding and rearing milch cows—on the culture of *carrots*, with thoughts on burnbaiting on Mendip hills—Dr. Falconer's report to the society, on examining some of the *rhubarb* cultivated in Somersetshire—On the best method of destroying *vermin*, and preventing the destruction of young turnips by the *fly*—An abridgment of several letters published by the Agriculture Society at Manchester, in consequence of a premium offered for discovering by actual experiment, the cause of the curled disease in potatoes—Description of, and observations upon the cockchafer, both in its grub and beetle state.

In June 1778, we are informed, the society at Bath formed the following circular list of queries relative to agriculture; and directed them to be transmitted to the High Sheriff of every county, requesting him to procure answers thereto from some of the best farmers, and send to the society.

Queries from the Bath Agriculture Society.

1. What are the kinds of soil from which you generally obtain the best crops of wheat, barley, pease, oats, beans, vetches, turnips, carrots, and cabbages? and what are the usual quantities of seed sown, and the average annual produce per acre, Winchester measure?
2. What is the usual course of crops adopted by your best farmers on the different soils?
3. What manure now generally in use do you find serviceable, on the following soils respectively, viz stiff clays, light sand, gravelly, moory, cold and wet, or what is called stone brash land?

In

In what quantities are the several manures laid on per acre,—at what season,—and how long will each last without renewal?

4. Have you discovered any new manure more efficacious than those generally used, and which may be easily obtained in large quantities? if so, what is it, when and how applied?

“ 5. What is the best top-dressing for cold wet pastures, which cannot be easily drained?

“ 6. What materials do you find best and most lasting for drains, or land ditches?

“ 7. What are the kinds of wood which you have found from experience to thrive best on bleak barren soils, cold swampy bogs, and black moory ground?

“ 8. What are your methods of raising lucerne, saintfoin and burnet,—on what lands do you find them to answer best, and what the average produce?

“ 9. How is your turnip husbandry conducted, and what is the best method of preventing or stopping the ravages of the fly on the young plants?

“ 10. Do you prefer the drill to the broad-cast method of sowing grain; in what instances, and on what soils?

“ 11. What is the comparative advantage of using oxen instead of horses in husbandry?

“ 12. What have you found to be the most effectual preventive or remedy for the rot in sheep?

“ 13. What new improvements have you made or adopted in implements of husbandry?

“ To the above queries the Sheriff of the county of Suffolk favoured the society with the following answers; which he informed them were given him by a very good farmer, and approved by all who had seen them.

“ *To the first*:—Good strong mixed soil. Wheat on a clover clay, after one year, once ploughed, and sown broad-cast, with ten pecks per acre, well harrowed in,—average produce from three quarters and a half to four quarters per acre.

To prepare for Turnips.

“ The year following, *summer till* the land—turn in the wheat stubble about December a moderate depth, and let it rest till the March following. Harrow it well—then turn it in somewhat deeper, below the first ploughing; the deeper the better; for turnips thrive best where there is a plenty of deep mould. In May repeat the harrowing, and turn it up with a fine rift baulk. After it has taken the benefit of the sun, harrow it down, and gather out the spare-grass, &c. which should be burnt in heaps upon the land. If it is not clean, repeat this a second time; then give it a clean earth, and harrow it down. Manure it with twelve loads of short dung, or eighteen of long dung per acre. At Midsummer plough the dung in a good depth with a close furrow, and sow the seed close after the plough. Sow from one pint and

and a half to two pints per acre, as the season and quality of the land may require. In a month the plants will be fit to hoe. When they nearly cover the land, hoe them a second time, with a seven or nine-inch hoe, and leave the plants at least fourteen inches asunder. The price of hoeing here is generally four shillings and four-pence per acre the first time, and two shillings and two-pence the second. A good crop will produce from thirty to forty cart loads per acre, which, for many years past, have sold for from three to four pounds per acre.

To prepare for Barley to lay in with Clover.

Plough the said lands in February as they are preparing and clearing off the turnips. Two *stirring* and one *sowing-earths* will be sufficient. Three bushels per acre, well harrowed, will be a good seeding. Then throw in broad-cast from nine to twelve pounds of clover-seed * per acre struck over with light harrow. Roll it down, or otherwise, as the season proves wet or dry. Average produce from three to five quarters per acre. The following year clover, two crops in the season; first mowing in June, the latter in September; generally yields from three to four tons per acre. In October sow the clover-stubble with wheat, as above directed, without manuring, or it will be winter-proud if the land be rich.

Third. To improve stiff Clay-Lands.

Lay on coarse wash-sand, cinder-dust, wood ashes, street-dirt, or ant-hills taken up and burnt. These mixed together, and laid on from thirty to forty cart-loads per acre, will last twenty years. If in plough tilth, keep it up with good rotten dung. If the land is not kind for clover, summer-tilth for wheat. Small beans, vetches, and grey pease, will make provision wheat, if clean and well-conditioned. Red Lammas wheat is best for cold lands. Vetches cut green are excellent fodder for horses—if seeded, they yield from two to two quarters and an half per acre; grey pease, three quarters; wheat does well after them.

The above land, laid down for three or four years, until it becomes a thick flag, and then covered on the flag with forty tons of clay, or twenty tons of marle, or twelve tons of soapers ashes per acre, will produce good corn and clover for twenty years.

For gravelly, cold, or wet land, under-drain, if it lay with a proper fall—by thus removing the cause, the effect will cease. Summer tilth, and make it clean; lay on from thirty to forty loads of sand per acre, if a little loamy, the better; or sixteen

* We apprehend six or eight pounds of clover-seed would be fully sufficient; and, that the clover should not be sown earlier than a fortnight after the barley. If they are sown together, the clover, in rich lands especially, will be apt to get above, and choak the barley crop.

loads

loads of the above-mentioned compost, or ten or twelve tons of soapers' ashes, laid on in a hard frost, will answer well.

Fourth. We have not discovered any new manure more efficacious than those above-mentioned. The burning of clay in kilns has been talked of, but not yet practised.

Fifth. In cold wet pastures that cannot be under-drained, make open drains, sloped off easy on each side; keep them open, and make them with proper falls: then lay on foot, lime, or lime-rubbish, soapers' ashes, street-dirt, &c. and it will last fourteen or sixteen years.

Sixth. Materials for under-draining are, alders and fallows, or ling and black thorn-bushes, cut and laid in green, covered with pease or wheat-straw, and above it strong clay. Drains thus made will last twenty years.

Seventh. The kinds of wood we find to flourish best on boggy soils are, alder, fallow, willow, and poplar. Scotch fir does well in a barren soil, especially if it has a gravelly bottom.

Eighth. These grasses are not raised with us.

Tenth. We mostly prefer the broad-cast to the drill husbandry.

Eleventh. We know of no other advantage in the use of oxen than that of keeping less stock; as horses are more expeditious, and will pay for their keeping by extra labour.

Twelfth. The most effectual preventative for the rot in sheep is to keep them on dry land; it being found, by general experience, that wet lands bring the rot upon them, especially if the feed is bare. In order to cure them, many experiments have been tried, but to little purpose.

Thirteenth. Few new improvements in implements of husbandry, that are of much consequence, have been made or adopted in this part of the country.

To the above queries the High Sheriff for the county of Gloucester sent the following answers.

Henbury, Dec. 14, 1778.

Gentlemen,

I Have the pleasure herewith to transmit answers to the list of queries, with which you some time since honoured me. If they in the least degree answer the Society's expectations, it will be a satisfaction to

Your very humble servant,

EDWARD SAMPSON.

Answers to the queries proposed by the Agriculture Society at Bath, by

RURICOLA GLOCESTRIS.

To the first query. Cone wheat, and blue ball, on strong clays, and deep rich loams; the several kinds of Lammas wheat on loams, sand, gravel, and stone-brash land. Barley most natural

on sandy, gravelly, and stone-brash; but it will return large crops on clays, although the grains are more coarse and brown.

"Pease for culinary uses on sands and loam; for pigs, on clays, gravel, and stone-brash.

"Beans on strong clay and deep loam, the same as cone-wheat.

"Vetches on gravelly soil and stone brash.

"Turnips on every kind of soil, with good and repeated ploughings, and proper manures; most natural on a sandy loam.

"Cabbages on strong deep clays and rich loams.

"Carrots on deep loams abounding with sand, and not too stiff; and on any deep light soil duly cultivated.

"The quantities of seed depend much on the season and time of sowing. Wheat from seven to ten pecks per acre. Barley from ten to sixteen pecks. Pease and beans ten pecks if drilled, twelve if planted, sixteen if sown, and earthed or harrowed in. Vetches from eight to ten. Turnips ten to twenty-four ounces. Much depends on the skill of the sower. Cabbages and carrots have the like dependence.

"The average produce cannot be ascertained with precision, because of blights, mildews, earth-grubs, and many other accidents to which all sorts of grain are incident; and, exclusive of these, much depends on the nature of the soil and mode of cultivation.

"*To the second.* On clay and loamy soils, if old arable long in tilth, the following course is generally practised: 1. turnips, as a fallow-crop; 2. barley; 3. clover; mowed early, and then fed; 4. wheat, on one earth; 5. pease or beans; 6. wheat, then turnips. If a new farm from pasture, 1. beans or pease; 2. wheat; 3. barley: Or, 1. turnips; 2. barley; 3. clover; 4. wheat, and then turnips again.

On light thin stoney soils, 1. turnips; 2. barley; 3. clover, mowed early and fed till Midsummer, then let it grow, and plough it in for wheat. Vetches in winter, and fed off for turnips.

"*To the third.* For stiff clays, sand in due quantity; for light sand, clay in due quantity; and for both, lime duly prepared; lias lime for light sands; marble lime for heavy soils.

"For gravelly and loamy land, yard dung, lime-chalk, and shoveling of highways in composts.

"For moorish and cold soils, gravel, highway-earth, very small stones, coal-ashes, soapers'-drains, and pigs-dung.

"For cold wet lands, no manure effectual without draining, and then the same as for the last.

"For stone-brash land, any kind of manure laid on in a half rotten state. The quantity per acre must be learned from experience. It is better to lay on at twice than too much at once. The season from February to September. The time of lasting is according to the understratum, which, if compact and warm, will render the manure durable; if loose, or a cold clay, it will soon be gone.

"*To the Fourth.*—No new discovery of manure in the south parts of Gloucestershire, except about Bristol. The dung and urine of pigs, fatted by the wash of the distillers, is found to be excellent manure for any kind of land, but more especially cold clays. The lees or fuds of soap-makers are also found of great use, as well as the urine of pigs, by being sprinkled over pastures in the same manner as the roads are watered about London. Care must be had to the due quantity, or the verdure will be destroyed. Experience is the best guide.

"*To the Fifth.*—All dressings on cold wet lands will be very ineffectual, unless the lands are first dried by under-draining. Soot is the most beneficial, only the hay will smell of it.

"*To the Sixth.*—Stone is the best and most lasting; wood is a substitute, and will be lasting also if constantly wet, if not, it will soon be rotten, and then the trenches will close.

"*To the Seventh.* The wood which stands best against west winds, on high exposures, is the beech and the black mountain fallow (*Salix Latifolia Rotunda*, being the thirteenth species of Miller) with a plumb-tree leaf; on moorish and boggy-ground, the black alder.

"*To the Eighth.*—Lucerne is cultivated by very few; and those more for fancy than profit, as it will bear no rival, but must be kept hand-weeded, or it will soon decay; nor will it succeed even with such care on lands of a cold or moist understratum.

"Saintfoin is cultivated on dry, gravelly, and stone-brash land, when the understratum is not of a close compact texture, but of a loose open stoney nature, or chalky. It answers well in the broad-cast method. The cause of its often failing is owing to the nature of the land more than to the mode of cultivation.

"Burnet (the *Pimpinella Sylvestris* of Ray, *Pimpinella Sanguiforba major* of C. B. 160, and *Sanguiforba* of Linnæus) grows naturally in moist clay meadows, in this county; but the cattle will prefer almost all other common plants found in those pastures to it. The lesser Burnet (or *Pimpinella Sanguiforba minor hirsuta* C. B. P. and *Poterium* of Linnæus) delights in a gravelly dry soil, and is frequent in healthy sheep-pastures, and eaten greedily by those animals.

"*To the ninth.* Turnips are generally sown as a fallow crop, after the land (of any sort) is well tilled, cleansed from weeds, and dressed with yard dung, lime, or any compost. We generally sow them about Midsummer, and hoe them twice; they may be effectually preserved from the fly, if, as soon as the seed-leaf appears, wood-ashes be sown over them as often as it is washed off by dews or rain.

"*To the tenth.* The drill is preferable to the broad-cast method, in loose or loamy land; but not in clays or stoney soils.

"*To the eleventh.* The comparative advantage of oxen is great where they are bred by the farmer who uses them, and fed on commons in summer, and on straw in winter, till three years old, (but not so much where they are bred in inclosed lands, or bought

at four years old) and worked till six or seven; they are less liable to sickness than horses; and if accidents befall them, they are of some value. Two oxen will do more work than one horse of equal value with them, nearly in proportion as six to four, and they cost less in keep.

"To the twelfth. In places subject to rot sheep, fold them before the dew falls, and keep them in fold till it exhales in spring and summer; in winter attend to this as much as the weather will admit; and feed them in the fold, or on turning out, with hay on which salt has been sprinkled at stacking up at harvest.

It is a known truth, that the pastures (though marshes) which are overflowed by the salt water at the vernal and autumnal high tides, never rot sheep, but are an antidote to the disease, if the infected are depastured thereon while the disease is recent.

"To the thirteenth. Chiefly in the cross-tree, pot-hook-drail, swing-plough, which, with two horses, will plough most kinds, and with three horses any sort of land; having a point to the share for stoney lands, and no point in land that are not stoney."

We should be induced to make many more extracts from this collection, for the benefit of our country readers, were we not afraid they might appear tedious to those, whose thoughts are not so immediately turned towards agriculture. We shall, however, take a future opportunity to select such letters as may appear calculated to promote agriculture. We cannot close this article without wishing the Society every success their endeavours merit.

On Government; addressed to the Public. By Thomas Wycliffe, of Liverpool. 8vo. 4s. Eyres, Warrington.

"Every day," says our author, "brings fresh accounts of the present alarming situation of public affairs.

"That the loss of America would be a most violent blow on the trade and strength of this kingdom, cannot be denied; but as I believe that present evils are sometimes productive of future good, let us hope that it is possible for some good consequences to arise from the present loss, even of America.

"For many years past, America has certainly been a valuable part of this empire, by contributing materially to the strength of this kingdom in time of war, and by being at all times a considerable source of wealth and commerce. But now let us view this island, stripped of her most valuable colonies, her trade and revenues lessened, and every source of national power weakened and impaired; and is it not reasonable to expect, that this relaxed state, will at least produce this good consequence? viz.

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"That

“ That when government find themselves weakened by the loss of the external strength of colonies, they will certainly be more inclined to pursue such measures, as will best improve the internal strength of this island; and many are the measures that would most effectually obtain that end, if ever necessity should enforce the measures. For instance,

“ Suppose a tax of twenty pounds *per annum* to be laid on every horse in this kingdom, and that this tax would destroy so many of them, as to leave only half a million of horses, which at twenty pounds *per horse* would be ten millions a year to government; then, as the destroying of so many horses would certainly lower the price of provisions, and, by enabling the poor to live at home, would prevent their going to seek their bread in foreign countries: so, from this one measure alone, what an increase would there be to the strength of government, both in men and money? As to the money, it would probably be more than would be wanted, even at the height of a French and Spanish war; and if the surplus were applied to the paying off such loans, as would enable the government to take off the taxes from windows, leather, soap, and all the necessaries of life, it would be such an additional relief to the subject, that the argument for preventing emigrations, and thereby strengthening the government with more men, would then fall with double force. And as this tax, by preventing emigrations, would certainly increase the number of British subjects, it would thereby operate in favour of government, not only by its own weight, but by the accumulated weight of increasing all other duties and taxes.

Now, from these and such like measures, to improve the internal strength of this kingdom, it does not appear to me to be a thing at all impossible, to make this island (though stripped of all her colonies) to stand fairly on her own legs, and, by her own internal and natural strength, to defend herself against the united force of all her enemies. And until this kingdom is thus far rendered independent of her colonies, to look for an extended and permanent empire, seems to me to be a vain pursuit; as every part of the empire will always see the defect, and never suffer this, or any kingdom upon earth, to stand long on so sandy a foundation. First, let Great Britain take such steps as will best improve her internal strength, and secure her independency; and then, but not till then, shall I think this kingdom has a reasonable and good foundation, on which she can safely build an extended empire, in grandeur and dignity suitable to the unbounded genius and spirit of Britons.

Speaking of the power of government, Mr. Wycliffe observes, that

“ It is a principle inherent in the very nature of government, that in every government there are three distinct sorts of power, viz. the power of *making* laws, the power of *executing* laws, and the power of afterwards *judging*, in particular cases, whether those laws

laws have, or have not, been properly made, and properly executed: now, by this last power of *judging*, in particular cases, I mean a power to relieve an individual, when, in a particular case, he is unjustly oppressed by a general law; which is a power indispensably necessary in all human governments, to guard the subjects against the errors and imperfections of all human governors: these are the three powers of government, and it is in a proper or improper distribution of these three powers, that all good or bad government consists. For, when those separate powers are given to separate persons, then those separate persons may mutually guard against each other's errors, both in the making, and in the executing of all laws; but, when those separate powers are given to the same person or persons, then this mutual guard is wanting, and the subjects are exposed to all the errors and imperfections of their governors, without any guard at all: and therefore, whenever these distinct powers are united in the same person or persons, it is a defect in the form of government, for then they cannot be a guard on each other's conduct, either in the making, or in the executing of laws; but, whenever they are personally separated, it is the most perfect form of government, that human wisdom has ever yet been able to contrive.

"The constitution that has formed the British government (which, in this part, seems almost more than human wisdom) has plainly separated these three powers, by giving them to separate persons: for it has given, to the house of commons, the power of making laws; to the king, the power of executing laws; and to the house of lords, the power of afterwards judging in particular cases, whether those laws have, or have not, been properly made, and properly executed. Indeed, the constitution has also given, to the king, and to the house of lords, a negative in the making of all statute laws, and for these plain reasons: if the executive power did not assent to the making of a law, and thereby declare that he will execute it, the law might be made in vain, as it might never be executed; nor without that assent, could the subject possibly know, whether he did, or did not, intend to execute it; and therefore, the executive power must and ought to join in every act of legislation. And, in like manner, if the power that has a right of judging, in particular cases, whether laws have, or have not, been properly made, and properly executed, did not assent to the making of a law, and thereby declared that the law ought to be both made and executed, the law might then be made in vain; as it then might happen, that the subject who offends against that law, might be tried for that offence, by a court that would condemn the law, and not the man for breaking it: this power must therefore assent to every law, before the subject can tell, that that is the law by which he is to be judged; and therefore, this power also must and ought to join in every act of legislation: for, after assenting to a law, they must judge by that law; nor can they release an offender from the force of

of it, but by the exercise of that discretionary power, which is the natural and inherent right of that power.

“ Thus, though it be unavoidably necessary, that the three powers of government should unite in the making of all statute laws, yet it is impossible that they should be personally united, without taking from each power the opportunity of judging of the conduct of the other powers, as distinct and separate agents: for, if the separate powers of government, are not given to separate persons, then, there are no separate persons to judge, whether laws are, or are not, properly made; nor afterwards, whether those laws have, or have not, been properly executed: as separate powers of judging, when lodged in the same man, become the same power, unless you can separate a man from himself: and when separate powers of judging are thus personally united, as it is then impossible for those powers to be the mutual judges of each other's conduct, consequently each power becomes its own judge; a privilege, utterly subversive of all law and all government.

“ Man, in his original state of nature, and unconnected by society, has certainly a right to be his own judge; but it is impossible for him to carry this privilege with him into society; for, other men having the same natural right, they also might chuse to do the same; and when men are united in the same society, should every man be determined to continue the exercise of this original right, then, instead of finding themselves in a well-governed society, they would certainly find themselves still in their former ungoverned state of nature. Men therefore ought, when they engage in society, to give up the exercise of their original privilege of self-judgment, and to submit themselves to the judgment of other men, in every thing, as far as it relates to the society in general, or to any particular member of that society: and it is this single circumstance, of a man giving up the right of being his own judge, and submitting himself to the judgment of other men, which constitutes the difference between men in a state of nature, without any government at all, and men in a well-governed state of society. It is, I say, this single circumstance, of giving up the privilege of self-judgment, and submitting to the judgment of other men, that lays the foundation of all human government, and is the first and great bond of all human societies.

“ Now, allowing it to be impossible, in a well-governed society, for a man to be his own judge; this maxim will certainly hold good, in respect to those who *govern*, as well as in respect to those who are *governed* (unless those who govern can justly plead an exemption from self-partiality, and the common frailties of human nature). And agreeably to this very maxim (that our governors should not be their own judges) the constitution has separated the powers of government, in the form of the British government, and has given these three distinct powers, to distinct persons; for, it has given, to the house

of commons, the legislative; to the king, the executive; and to the house of lords, the judiciary power of government; and certainly with this very intention; that these three distinct powers, being lodged in distinct persons, they might thereby become distinct and separate agents, not only in the making and executing of all statute laws, but also in the making and executing of all parliamentary orders and regulations whatsoever, respecting the public national business; and that, by being distinct and separate agents, they might then, in all cases, be the mutual judges of each other's conduct: and thus the constitution has subjected, even the governors themselves, to that first and great law of all societies, viz. *That no man shall be his own judge.*

"This appears to me to be the language of the constitution; but, does the practice of government speak the same language? I wish I could say, that it did. But to compare what they say:—The constitution has given the powers of government to separate persons: the practice of government has given them to the same persons. The constitution, by a personal separation of the powers of government, has made the governors subject to the will of other men: the practice of government, by a personal union of those powers, has made the governors subject to their own will. That is, the constitution has made the governors subject to the great law of all societies, viz. The judgment of other men: but the practice of government has broken down that great law, and made the governors their own judges; in direct contradiction to the great law of all societies, viz. That no man shall be his own judge. This is, I think, the real language of them both. And this is the certain consequence of a personal union with the powers of government: for, in the case of an officer of state having a seat in parliament; as a member of parliament, he has a right to judge, not only of all laws that are made by the joint assent of the three powers of government, but also of all *orders and regulations*, respecting the public national business, that are made by that house where he has a seat; which, to an officer of state, may be called a *law*, and which he ought to execute: now in this latter case, the subject has no security, but that this officer of state will never consent to make any orders or regulations, but just such as will best suit his own inclinations in the execution, which is certainly being his own lawgiver, and his own judge; or, should the will of parliament prevail against his consent, yet even then, if he chuses to neglect the execution, as a member in parliament, he still has a right of judging, whether that will has, or has not, been properly executed: and therefore, an officer of state that has a seat in parliament, is thereby made, not only his own lawgiver, but afterwards, in the execution of those very laws, he is also made his own judge, of his own conduct, as an officer of state.—At an assize, held for a county, where a man is brought to be tried for an offence, we should think it very odd, if the culprit were impannelled on either jury, to try his own cause: were he on the grand

grand jury, he would then be his own judge, whether he ought, or ought not, to be tried for the offence: and were he on the petit jury, he would then be his own judge, whether he was, or was not, guilty of that offence. Now this appears to be a very strange kind of an human tribunal; and yet, this strange appearance must be entirely owing to our not being accustomed to this kind of proceeding at a county assize: for, it is the same thing, when an officer of state has a seat in parliament; which, by being accustomed to the idea, does not appear so very strange, though in reality these two cases are the same: for, should an officer of state be accused of a neglect of his official duty; if he has a seat in the lower house, he is impanelled on the grand jury, to be his own judge, whether he ought, or ought not, to be tried for the neglect: and if he has a seat in the upper house, he is impanelled on the petit jury, to be his own judge, whether he is, or is not, guilty of that neglect. These two cases are nearly similar, and are equally repugnant to every principle of good government, and in both cases there is this plain error; that when a man is impanelled on a jury to try his own cause, if he is afterwards struck off the jury, because he has no right to be his own judge, it is a defect in the form of government, first to impanel a man on a jury to be a judge, and then to strike him off that jury, because he has no right to judge; and, if he is continued on the jury, it is a direct violation of the great law of all societies, viz. That no man shall be his own judge. The two cases are so nearly similar, I can only perceive this difference, that in the case of the petty offender, it is only a defect in the smaller springs in the machine of government; but in the case of the great offender, it is a defect in the first, the main spring of government, which may destroy the whole machine.

An Answer to Baron Dimisdale's Review of Dr. Lettsom's Observations on the Baron's Remarks respecting a Letter upon general Inoculation. By John Coakley Lettsom, M. D. F. R. S. and S. A. 8vo. Dilly. —

It always gives us concern to see gentlemen of character and abilities engaged in literary warfare and appealing to the public on trivial matters, for we cannot help thinking the present altercation between Baron Dimisdale and Doctor Lettsom, of too little consequence to have merited discussion in three or four pamphlets. Yet surely it would not have disgraced the Baron to have acknowledged an acquaintance or intimacy with a gentleman of Doctor Lettsom's reputation.

The

The Doctor has chosen for a *motto* to this answer a sentence from Gil Blas, chap. xiii.

“ J'étois devenu si fier et si vain, que je n'étois plus le fils de mon père et de ma mère. La cour a la vertu du fleuve Léthé pour nous faire oublier nos parens et nos amis.”

Whether the allusion is just or not, the Baron best knows.

From the Appendix we have taken the following extract, which we think well worthy the consideration of our medical readers.

“ With all the improvements which have of late been introduced in the management of the small-pox, it is a melancholy truth, that this disease still continues to be one of the most fatal scourges of the human race; not less than fifty persons have been carried off by it, in the metropolis, every week for some months past. If, by the united aid of the Faculty, some new lights may be thrown upon the disease, with respect to either its prevention or cure, I shall think myself amply compensated for the trouble I have taken in circulating the following letter, which I shall insert with a view of promoting these important designs.

“ When it is considered that the small pox is one of the chief causes of depopulation, and that, in London alone, one hundred and seven thousand one hundred and fifty persons have been carried off by it within the last fifty years; inoculation seems to have been providentially introduced, to disarm the natural disease of its malignant power—to promote the increase of mankind, secure the preservation of individuals, and lessen the sum of human misery.

“ When it is further considered, that scarcely one in five hundred die in the Inoculated small pox, we cannot but lament over the loss of those one hundred and seven thousand one hundred and fifty victims, most of whom might have been redeemed from the grave, and, by the probable increase of their offspring, have made an immense addition to the strength of the state.

“ The means of counteracting the ravages of this fatal distemper by inoculation, have been very generally embraced by the higher classes of people in this nation; but, to a very useful, and the most numerous part of the community, the advantages resulting from it have hitherto in great measure been lost, either from the confined circumstances of the poor, or from their prejudices against so extraordinary an innovation in practice.

“ At length, however, examples of the dreadful effects of the natural, and the wonderful success of the artificial disease, have overcome these ill-founded prejudices, and nothing seemed wanting to enable the poor to reap the benefit of this practice, but an establishment suited to their condition and circumstances.

“ In London alone upwards of ten thousand children annually die under seven years of age, a great part of whom fall victims to the natural small pox; but, till very lately, the poor had no means of avoiding this disease by Inoculation, as no institution for that purpose existed here till the year 1775, when the Society for General Inoculation of the Poor was first established.

“ To humane and benevolent minds, it must have afforded a high degree of pleasure, to see such ample means extended for saving the offspring of the poor; and that their avidity to embrace this salutary practice was exceeded only by the success of it: for hitherto not a single unfavourable event has taken place; nor has any instance occurred to the medical practitioners engaged in this institution, to prove that the infection has been propagated from an inoculated patient.

“ But though success has thus removed the prejudices of the lower class of people, and increased their desire for Inoculation, there are, however, individuals, whose opposition to so benevolent an institution has been proportionally augmented; and much labour has been employed to prove, that whilst the Inoculation of the rich at their own houses, is a laudable practice, it is highly injurious to the community, when introduced among the poor. The poor, however, though slow in admitting new improvements, are not soon to be reasoned out of self-evident facts; and their willingness to try Inoculation, continues to augment with the success of the practice.

“ Positions, however, though ever so repugnant to experience, when advanced by persons of acknowledged ability in their profession, will have some influence on those individuals, from whose approbation and bounty every useful institution must derive its stability. It, therefore, behoves every friend of the poor, to oppose facts to bare assertions, when the interests of so useful a part of the community are in danger of being essentially injured.

“ Hence it is that this appeal is made to the Faculty, and other persons acquainted with the comparative effects of the natural and artificial disease, in hopes of acquiring such further information, as may more fully ascertain the sum of good and evil consequent on each; and they are respectively requested to answer as many of the following queries as come within the compass of their personal experience.

“ I. At what periods of time is the natural small pox most prevalent or fatal?

“ II. In those places where the small pox appears at certain intervals, has Inoculation been known to propagate the disease during such intervals?

“ III. What distempers appear to have been the consequences of the natural, and what of the artificial small pox?

“ IV. After the natural disease has broke out in any particular district or quarter of a town, has the practice of Inoculation appeared to stop the progress of the infection, or has it accelerated it?

“ V. Has Inoculation been practised in any particular district or quarter of a town, without extending the infection to other parts?

“ VI. At what period of life are people most likely to pass through Inoculation with the least hazard, and at what seasons of the year is the practice most successful?

"VII. After the infection of the small pox has been received, can its operation be destroyed by Inoculation?"

"Communications upon these subjects, are of facts in general, which tend to throw a light upon the natural or artificial disease, must greatly conduce to improvement in this department of medicine; and as it is proposed to reduce them into one general history, now preparing for the press, the favours of correspondents will then, with their permission, be acknowledged, by the author." R.

Considerations upon the American Enquiry. The second Edition.
8vo. 1s. Wilkie.

In this pamphlet we find good sense well expressed; a relation of some facts that tend not to lustre some characters concerned in the enquiry. We think, however, some of the considerations more plausible than just. The following extract bears too great signs of truth to be in the above predicament. We therefore present it to our readers rather than the more exceptionable parts; as such might prejudice them against perusing the pamphlet, where they will find some observations not unworthy their notice. The sketches of two characters are judiciously drawn.

"We have seen that enquiry proceeded upon; and there are three things necessary to be considered; the nature of the tribunal, the evidence given, and the result of the enquiry.

"It may, perhaps, hereafter be a matter of surprize, that no Court could be found in this kingdom to sit in judgment upon military operations, but the House of Commons; and that no better time could be appointed but at the close of a laborious Session, and at a moment of great national difficulty and danger. It is not easy to conceive, how men not bred to the profession, and only accustomed *sicis contendere verbis*, could be able to form proper opinions upon the list of complicated military manœuvres that have so peculiarly distinguished the present war. The honourable Mr. C. Fox has a quick understanding, and Mr. Edmund Burke *

* When I mention the names of these two gentlemen, I do not mean to represent them as ignorant beyond the rest, but only as having been most active in this enquiry. I respect their abilities; and have, perhaps, a better opinion of their patriotism than the public. Whatever is suggested by them should be heard with attention. Their efforts can only proceed from a pure affection to their country; for, if our enemies were to become possessed of every acre of land in the kingdom, they cannot be losers by the event: and their opinion ought to be attended to; for they are certainly best *judges* in a cause who are not *parties interested*.

most surprising volubility; but we are yet to learn that they have military judgment, and experience in the art of war. Were they witnesses of the condition of the rebel army, of their numbers? of their want of discipline? Are they acquainted with the face of the country? or can they, from a description of it, form any comparative opinion upon the the strength of particular situations, from similar situations that come within their own experience! When and where was this experience acquired? *During their service last war in Germany?* The idea is too absurd for serious refutation! It is true the conduct of the Howes was of great national consequence, and merited the consideration of the representatives of the people. But this consideration should not have been confined to the House of Commons. The reports of men, enabled from professional knowledge and faithful services to decide, might have merited their most serious attention. In effect, we should be at a loss to say, how it was possible that this enquiry found its way into the House of Commons, if we did not know that Opposition * had taken it by the

* The following sketches are hazarded with diffidence:

Mr. EDMUND BURKE is attached from friendship and interest to Lord Rockingham, and shared in his short administration. As his character was "debility," so is that of Mr. Burke. He possesses genius, but he wants judgment; and is better calculated for the closet than a public assembly. Intent upon the display of his own abilities, he cannot watch the passions, or accommodate himself to the temper of his audience. In his reasoning he is too subtle and abstruse. He never strikes boldly at his adversary, but by endeavouring to circumvent, suffers him to escape. He renders politics a system of metaphysics. We admire, but we are not convinced. Trifling, diffusive, and puerile, he seems to have chosen the *ludibundum* for his motto; and when we expect him in all his dignity upon the front of the theatre, we find him at play behind the scenes.—Yet he has his excellencies. His imagination is warm and fruitful. He plays with the most difficult subject; he leads it through the winding mazes of his fancy; he places it in a thousand lights; he gives it an infinity of colours. We admire for a while the splendour of the dress; but the eye becomes tired with the gaudy glare of the glittering tinsel, and wishes for the beautiful simplicity of nature. Instead of bringing forward the bold outlines and prominent features of his figure, he bestows his labour upon the drapery, and even in this he is faulty. His purple robes resemble a patched garment. He often debases the sublimest thought by the coarsest allusion, and mingles the vulgarity of idiom with the most delicate graces of expression.—Mr. Burke has a certain currency with all parties, he never can rise into *sterling value* with any.

Mr. Fox wants every requisite to form the exterior of an orator. His person is short and squalid; his appearance mean and disagreeable; his voice, naturally inharmonious, is rendered more so by his unskilful management of it. His countenance is strongly Judaic.

the hand. The noble Lord and his Brother relying upon such powerful assistance, looked forward, not only to an honourable acquittal, but to a vote of thanks, and it was the interest of Opposition to promote the enquiry, whatever might be the event to the noble Admiral and the honourable Commander, because it would take up the time and harrafs the attention of Government, at a juncture when time was most wanting, and attention should be least embarrassed.

Such was the tribunal before which they appeared. Ministry had declared they should confine themselves to their own exculpation; Opposition favoured their cause; so that they had little to dread from the rigour of their judges. The evidence is equally strange.

Lord Cornwallis was the first examined; and truly his Lordship's

At his Jerusalem levee, if a stranger were to be asked, which of the chosen race present had most of the blood of Jacob in his veins, Mr. Fox would be pointed out as the man. He possesses strong ingredients to form a political character. He has early been accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune, and marked out by the storms of fate.

He is a stranger to those indulgences of youth which unnerve the intellectual system: the listless languor that succeeds the excessive hilarity of social pleasures; the abuse of wine; or the immoderate enjoyment of women. Play has filled up the measure of his time, and he has experienced all its distraction. From affluence and prosperity he has been reduced to beggary and want; from a command of fortune and friends, to a servile dependence upon usurious creditors. This has fitted him for the great business of a kingdom, and taught him to look for revolutions. In the House of Commons he leads Opposition. He is not supposed to possess a great fund of information, but his mind supplies this deficiency from her own inexhaustible treasure. His understanding is strong and masculine; his expression full and copious. In proportion to the quickness of his conception, his delivery is rapid. The torrent of argument comes rolling from him with irresistible force; he does not leave his hearers to follow, he drives them before him. He is a perfect master of the art of debate, and disguises the sentiments of his opponents with so much dexterity, that it is some time before we perceive the distortion. The strongest sense is not proof against his power. He sits truth to the rack of ingenuity, and tortures the unhappy sufferer. His eloquence never fails to produce its effect. It strikes the whole assembly: every man communicates the shock to his neighbour.---With these qualifications he would rise to the highest offices in the state, if as striking disadvantages did not fetter his flight. He is supposed to want firmness. He is said to be destitute of principle. As his character is so bare to public view, his efforts are not imputed to honourable motives. His invincible attachment to play makes it impossible for him to possess the confidence of his country; and though his abilities are admired by all men, no man wishes him to be employed.

ship's testimony is of a very curious nature. Before he answers any question, he takes an opportunity to assure the House of his great veneration and regard for the character of Sir William Howe; and that he thinks he has served his country with fidelity, assiduity, and great ability. After having borne this public testimony to the General's conduct, he begs the House to understand, that he shall not answer questions of opinion, but merely questions of matter of fact. The policy of this conduct is obvious. Lord Cornwallis will not subject himself to the dilemma of giving his opinion upon particular operations, because if he gave it in favour of the General, he might be at a loss to justify it; and if upon questions being proposed to him, the answer should turn out unfavourable to the General, he would then leave the House at a loss to understand how he came to form such an opinion of Sir William Howe's great ability. The resource was certainly happy, and does honour to his Lordship's ingenuity.

Administration Dissected, in which the Grand National Culprits, are laid open for the Public Inspection, 8vo. Barker.

How far this writer has acquitted himself with regard to his promise in the title-page, we leave to the determination of those, who profess themselves politicians. As a sample, however, of the manner in which he treats his subject, we present our readers with the following extract.

"But it is time we proceed to examine into the second branch of our enquiry—'Whether our degradation and misfortunes may not be derived from a corrupt and perverted Administration?' And here, as in Court processions, it is custom to call first upon the inferior in office, we will begin with the noble Lord who presides over the Navy:—it being customary to consider the Army as the superior establishment.

"The noble Lord at the head of the Admiralty, at the commencement of the present war, had been, the greatest part of his life, at different periods, either chief or assistant at the Admiralty Board. His speculative and theoretic knowledge, were supposed to be greater than any other man's; because, his attendance had been longer. Theoretic knowledge of a Navy was judged to be a better requisite at the admiralty, than the most consummate practical acquisitions.—His Lordship was therefore continued, and the conduct of the Navy through an arduous war, for that was clearly foreseen by men of penetration, committed to his care. How far the appointment of a landman to such an office was competent and judicious, shall not be here investigated. Many proofs were adduced, of naval success under similar auspices: his Lordship was said to have parts, genius, and industry; and the appointment was confirmed. Parts and genius we ought to venerate.

It will be but a trifling objection to the employment of them to say, the possessor is deficient of experience in any particular case. Parts and genius acquire knowledge, as if it were by intuition. They see at a glance what dulness cannot discover with long-exploring eyes;—They gain the experience of half a century, in half a month; and are indeed, the only safe, the only true criterion, whereby to choose the director, or the leader, of a great enterprize. It has been the curse of this nation, the baneful source from whence all our national calamities have flowed; that length of service, order of succession, and great experience, must elect our commanders, and choose our Ministers. We ought therefore, to pass over the want of practical knowledge; and to consider the appointment of that noble Lord, as judicious and advantageous: presupposing, however, that he *really had* parts and genius. If that was misconceived, the event could not but be accordingly; for of two dull heads to choose the unexperienced, must be fatal. The Lord of Hosts will, it is to be hoped, in future, deliver us from ignorance and dulness; and inspire his Majesty with that wisdom, which may lead him to take valour and genius by the hand, and give them commands; even though they should be found in the possession of a Boatswain, or a Corporal.

“However, the appointment of the noble Lord, *under the notion* of parts, genius and industry, was, at least specious. Let it pass. He knew the important task he had undertaken. He was to enter upon an American War, but, he knew that his greatest object was in *embrio*; that, like the *fœtus* in the womb, though it was then concealed, yet it must come forth in due time. He could not be ignorant that France had very skilful midwives; midwives able to accelerate the delivery of that great body, their nation, was pregnant with. It was this Lord’s duty to know, that they had a sister very far gone in the same situation. That the impregnation of both having been at the same period, the delivery would be nearly congenial in point of time. That when these two bodies were fairly launched into the ocean, their object would be the destruction of Great Britain.—In fine, metaphors apart, this Lord, if he did not foresee, soon after the commencement of the American war, that the House of Bourbon would unite and attack us; if he did not foresee that—his parts and genius are but *very problematical*.—Heaven grant that before we get through the noble Lord’s administration, the whole of his parts and genius, may not prove a delusion, and a cheat.

“We now behold the noble Lord preparing for the American war. Here there was no great necessity for his parts and genius. A few privateers and fishing boats could not give the noble Lord much trouble. The Americans had nothing else to oppose. The noble Lord might therefore mix the *dulce* with the *utile*.—and spare a reasonable portion of his time to cultivate the muse; to pursue those *elegant amusements*, which his *fine taste* and *delicate feelings*, have selected and stamped with a *naïveté*, totally his own.

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"The ill success of the troops was nothing to the noble Lord; let others look to that. While our line of battle ships continued *safely to rot*, in defiance of the American boats; the first Lord of the Admiralty did his duty.—He was every way justified.—*Take no thought for the morrow, let the morrow take thought for itself*, was the noble Lord's justification; and, it must be owned, upon Scripture grounds.—Nor was it his business to trouble himself about what might, or what not might happen in Europe, at a period two or three years remote.

"Some curious, busy, impertinent meddlers; persons indeed who had no business to interfere, for they were not Lords of the Admiralty, nor did they hold any office under Government; wanted to trouble the soft repose of the noble Lord. They pretended that being Senators of one or the other House, they had an indefeasible right, if not to advise, at least to give information on public affairs. They thundered in his ears.—'*Beware of France, she is arming.*'—'*Beware of Spain, she is equipping a fleet;*' and repeated these cautions daily, through each session of Parliament. The noble Lord gave them this constant and uniform answer—'*Your information is false.*'—The Court of Versailles denies your charge.—The Court of Madrid is astonished at your assurance.'—The reply of the Minority, it must be confessed, was impolite, was rude.—'*We do not believe this,*' say the Minority, 'though two Princes assert it; for we have incontestible evidence to the contrary. Send your emissaries to Brest, to Rochfort, and Toulon; to Ferrol, and to Carthagena; inform yourselves of the truth of our assertion, from the demonstration of their vulgar senses.'—The noble Lord was too well bred to do any such thing:—When two persons of different rank, assert contrary facts, the superior should *certainly* be credited. The information conveyed to the noble Lord, was in no instance authenticated beyond the evidence of a subject; whereas two sovereign Princes had given the noble Lord assurances to the contrary.

"But," says the noble Lord, 'suppose your information to be true—Grant that France is arming, that Spain is equipping a fleet—what then?—Fear nothing. I am the director of your navy. I will be responsible that those fleets of the enemy, your imagination has so magnified, shall be encountered by a superior squadron.—My head, *and that is no inconsiderable stake*, shall stand or fall upon the event of my fulfilling this engagement with Parliament and the Public—So, cease your garrulous prating; you know nothing. Government must be the best informed; and your misinformation arises only from spleen and disappointment.—You want our places; you shall not have them. The King of France is our friend;—the King of Spain is our friend;—for their respective Ambassadors told me so yesterday."

An Address to the Freeholders of Middlesex, assembled at Free Masons Tavern in Great Queen Street, upon Monday the 20th of December 1779, being the Day appointed for a Meeting of the Freeholders, for the Purpose of establishing Meetings to maintain and support the Freedom of Election. 8vo. 6d. Dixwell.

An old correspondent has desired us to make an early mention of the above pamphlet; how it has escaped our notice so long, we cannot pretend to say. Not being professed politicians we hope our correspondent will be satisfied with our laying a short extract before our readers.

"To the Chairman of the Freeholders of Middlesex, &c."

"SIR,

"The professed design of your meeting, and the present alarming state of public affairs, induce me to submit the following sentiments to the judgment of Yourself, and the other Gentlemen assembled; presuming, if they appear to be founded on reason, they will not be the less regarded, on account of their being suggested by an unknown individual.

"The degree of attention, which ought in reason to be paid by the Representative in Parliament to the Instructions of his Constituents, has often been the subject of controversy. For my own part, I must freely confess, that in every instance, in which hitherto the sentiments of the electors of Great Britain have been conveyed to the elected, the latter may be justified, in paying no further degree of attention to them than the arguments, considered independently of the authority of the persons instructing or remonstrating, appear to deserve.

"It has frequently been urged upon such occasions, that the person, thus instructed, ought to consider himself as the representative of the kingdom at large; and therefore, as not under a particular obligation to obey the instructions of the county, or borough, which returns him. This argument, though frequently adopted for no very defensible purpose, is, in my apprehension, evidently founded in good sense.

"And with still greater appearance of reason may the representatives of the Commons, actually assembled in Parliament, permit to lie neglected on their table the petition or remonstrance of the most respectable, or most populous county of the kingdom, if the sentiments, contained in the said petition or remonstrance, be discordant with their own.

"Partial interests, and a partial conception of the point in question, may with greater probability be supposed to prevail in a county Meeting, however respectable, than in the public assembly of the nation. A declaration of opinion, in the strongest language of remonstrance, cannot be unlawful, and may frequently be expedient; and the right of petitioning is a privilege, to

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which the obscurest individual is intitled. But to determine, to reject, or to redress, lies intirely in the breast of the general representative of the whole.

“But if neither the Commons House of Parliament, nor any of its Members, are under an obligation to obey the instructions or commands of the persons who elect them, signified as such instructions have hitherto been, with less appearance of reason can it be expected, that the opinions of the freeholders of a county should influence the crown.

“The King, the House of Lords, and the Commons of this country, equally and adequately represented in Parliament, are each of them to be regarded as absolutely free and independent. While the Constitution subsists, the King cannot submit to the most distant idea of coercion by one or both of the other branches of the Legislature; and consequently may, if he judges proper, reject the petition or remonstrance of a set of men, whose opinion, even the Commons House of Parliament is not under an obligation to regard.

“This doctrine, I trust, will not be found in the least to militate against the acknowledged right of the people to new-model the Constitution, and to punish with exemplary rigour every person with whom they have entrusted power, provided, in their opinion, he shall be found to have betrayed that trust.

“I speak only of a period, when, from the acquiescence of the people, it plainly appears to be their will, that the form of government already established should continue in existence.

“Widely different from the present, would be the nature and energy of my expressions, were I treating of that solemn hour, when the delegates of a state, chosen according to forms, which not law and custom but necessity or expedience shall prescribe, and assembling for the purpose of inquiring into the abuse of power, shall sit in awful judgment upon the traitorous invaders of their rights. In such assembly alone I acknowledge the Sovereign power to reside. To such alone the tremendous name of Majesty may with propriety be attributed. And, compared with its imperial jurisdiction, the prerogatives of the Crown, the splendid privileges of the Nobles, and the authority of the Commons House of Parliament, either separately considered, or combined, are less than dust upon the scale.

“For the reasons above-mentioned, and others to which I shall not at present call the attention of my readers, the memorable petitions of the Freeholders of Middlesex, and of other counties of England to the Crown, praying a dissolution of the Parliament, appear to have been very ill calculated to produce any salutary effect.

“To what purpose was it to prefer an ungrateful petition to a power which you could not legally coerce? Men possessed of power are not disposed to part with it, upon the petition of the persons who have declared themselves injured by its exertion. Such mode of seeking redress rather tends to perpetuate the grievances of which we complain. It cannot be construed a breach of privilege to
assert,

assert, that the House of Commons of that day was an Engine of Oppression, worked by that very power, from which it was requested the destruction of it should proceed.

A Sermon preached before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in the Abbey Church, Westminster, on Friday February 4th, 1780, being the Day appointed by his Majesty's Proclamation for a general Fast. By John Lord Bishop of St. David's. 4to. 1s. Davis.

His Lordship hath made choice of the following words for his text: "Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders, and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord." Joel i. 14.

This sermon hath neither force of argument, elegance of diction, or propriety of sentiment to recommend it. But hold—otherwise we shall be deemed contumacious, and be accused of speaking evil of dignities; which practice "is certainly very criminal, it being an offence against decency and good order, and as such extremely hurtful to civil society."

O.

A Sermon preached before the Honourable House of Commons, at the Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Friday, February 4th, 1780, being the day appointed by his Majesty's Proclamation, to be observed as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation. By George Horne, D. D. President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. 4to. 1s. Rivington.

In the first part of this pertinent discourse, Doctor Horne shews, that the characters of the warrior and the Christian are not incompatible, and that a time of war should be a time of reformation.

"But it may be asked," says he, "what is to be the nature of this reformation, and wherein is it to consist? An answer may be returned to this question in the concluding words of the text; (taken from Deut. iii. v. 29.) "keep thee from every wicked thing;" forsake all evil, and be upon your guard against the return of it; but as some sins, like some disease, are more prevalent and contagious at certain times, and in certain places, than others, mark well the abominations which discriminate and disgrace the age and

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the country in which you live, and be more especially upon your guard against *them*.

"Jehovah," saith the divine Psalmist, "looketh from heaven, he beholdeth all the sons of men; from the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth; and considereth all their works." He looketh, then, on all the inhabitants of this land; he considereth all their works. And, when thus he looketh, what doth he behold?

"He beholdeth a great people, much degenerated, and daily more and more degenerating from that noble simplicity and manly integrity, which characterised the manners of their venerable ancestors; depraving their minds by the adoption of bad principles, enfeebling their bodies by vice and effeminacy, squandering their fortunes at the gaming table, and then by an act of violence, in the rage and fury of despair, rushing forth to meet their judge.

"He beholdeth that virtue, which constitutes the excellency and dignity of the other sex, which is to it protection and ornament, a robe and a diadem, in danger of being totally laid aside, while the courts are crowded with trials for conjugal infidelity.

"He beholdeth an enormous and senseless luxury, still increasing with the distresses of the times, accompanied by a dissipation, depriving its votaries of attention to all that is wise, and great, and good.

"He beholdeth his ordinances neglected; his sabbaths profaned; his sacraments disparaged; his temples forsaken; his ministers despised; his religion torn in pieces by contending sects, while there seems to be scarcely enough of it, for each of them to take a little; the infidel openly reviling, or covertly mocking the faith once delivered to the saints deserted for the dregs of Socinianism; a set of men stiling themselves *philosophers*, wantoning in all the paradoxical absurdities of scepticism, leaving us, between them, neither *matter nor spirit*, neither body nor soul, and doing their best endeavours, in their lives, and after their deaths, to render us a nation literally "without God in the world."

In the above extract the Doctor hath drawn the leading features of the times from life. O.

The Force of Truth, an Authentic Narrative, by Thomas Scott, Curate of Foston Underwood, and Ravenstone, Bucks, 12mo, 2s. Unbound. Keith.

Here we have *fresh milk* for the *babes* and *sucklings* of *grace*. Let them come and taste, Mr. Scott gives a free invitation.

However, to give our readers a true idea of this narrative, we will present them with part of Mr. Scott's Preface.

"In

"In this Narrative," says he "little more is contained than an History of the workings of my *heart*, that *forge of iniquity*; and of my conscience, that friendly monitor, whom we generally hate, because, as far as informed, it boldly tells us the truth, whom we endeavour to pacify, to lay asleep, and to render insensible, as if seared with a hot iron; which, through the deceitfulness of our hearts, of sin, and of the world, by the assistance of *Satan*, we generally in time accomplish; and to whose remonstrances, until this is effected, we commonly deafen ourselves by living in a continual noise and bustle. The conflict in my soul between these two are here related, and some account given of the artifices which *Satan*, in confederacy with my heart, made use of to keep my conscience quiet, and silence its remonstrances; as also of the means which the Lord employed to defeat this conspiracy, to give conscience its due ascendancy, and to incline my before unwilling heart to become obedient to its friendly admonitions; with the effect thereof upon my religious views and conduct."

In this enthusiastic performance Mr. Scott describes the different revolutions of his mind, how from a leper in every part, he became sound and perfect, so as to be numbered among the enlightened lambs of the tabernacle. He also mentions his course of study, and points out how he was affected after reading particular authors. On reading Mr. Venn's essay on the prophecy of Zecharias, a solemn passage went home to his heart. Consequently thereupon, he makes the following declaration:

"I should as easily be convinced that there were no Holy Ghost, as that he was not present with my soul. When I read this passage, and the whole of what Mr. Venn has written upon that subject, it came to my heart with such power, conviction, and demonstration of the spirit, that it lifted me up above the world, and gave me that victory which faith alone can give; and that liberty which is where the spirit of the Lord is, and no where else."

The above extract is truly in the *Whitfieldian strain*, (i. e.) consonant to the warm, passionate, and rapturous phraseology of experienced saints. O.

A Description of the Apparatus of arbitrarily heated and medicated Water Baths, partial Pumps, vapourous and dry Baths, internal and external moist and dry Fumigations, oleous, saponaceous, spirituous and dry Frictions; erected in Panton-Square, Haymarket, in the Year 1779; at the solicitation of many of the Faculty, Nobility, and Gentry; with an Account of their Nature and Efficacy in the Cure of most Disorders incident to the human Body, supported by the Opinions of the most eminent Physicians

Physicians, both Ancient and Modern; to which are added, several well authenticated Cases of Cures, performed on Persons of Credit and Reputation. By R. Dominiceti, M. D. 8vo. Price 1s. Nichol.

A description of an apparatus erected in Panton-Square, upon the same plan with that of Dr. Dominiceti of Chelsea, together with a collection of some cases of cures.

A Practical Grammar of the French Language. By N. Wanoftrocht. 8vo. Johnson.

We have already so many, and so much better publications on the same subject, that we do not see the necessity, nor even propriety of the present performance. Not only its plan, but even, in some measure, its title is borrowed from preceeding works of a similar nature. As Mr. Wanoftrocht, however, is a private teacher of the French tongue, and as every teacher may be supposed to understand his own method of instruction better than he could do that of any other, the work may meet with some encouragement and may even be of some use, in the narrow circle of the author's acquaintance.

Deism not consistent with the Religion of Reason and Nature. By Capel Berrow, A. M. 4to. Price 4s. Doddley.

In the course of Mr. Berrow's controversy with the author of "Deism fairly stated and fully vindicated," [Annett, by name] we have with great pleasure observed his spirited and powerful defence of Revelation: esteemed his conduct, especially in these days of scepticism, becoming the christian and the divine. The present edition is inscribed, in a pleasing and artless manner, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Choix de Livres François, à l'usage de la jeune Noblesse, ou les jeunes gens de qualité de l'un & l'autre Sexe pourront apprendre facilement à connoître d'eux memes & sans Maître,

les meilleures livres concernant les trois Genres les plus amusans de la Littérature François ; sçavoir, les Romans, l'Histoire, & la Poësie. Par Mr. Le Jeune, Maître-ès-Arts, dans l'Université de Paris. 8vo. 5s. Elmsley.

The public are under obligations to her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, for having consented to the publication of a work, which was undertaken by her orders, and composed solely for her private use. She has by this condescension done a piece of service to the youth of both sexes, who are ambitious of acquiring a correct and perfect knowledge of the French tongue, as they will not want in future a judicious guide in their choice of French books.

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Answers to our Correspondents.

Mr. Anderson's letter is come to hand, and shall have a place in our next month's Review.

We are very sorry it is not in our power to comply with a "Country Critic's," request.

We must beg "Theatricus" to grant us a little further time to consider of his plan.

K. S. W—, Y—, N—, Z. A. R. Q. and FLORUS, are received.